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Harp

Engaged : Lady Georgina Hay

The engagement was recently announced between Lady Marguerite Georgina Christine Hay and Mr. Arthur Nicholas Coleridge, Irish Guards. Lady Georgina is the second of the four daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, whose place in Scotland is Yester Gifford, East Lothian. Her eldest sister married the Hon. Geoffrey Lionel Berry, Lord Kemsley's son and heir, in 1933. Mr. Coleridge is the younger son of the late Mr. John Duke Coleridge, who was a cousin of Lord Coleridge, and of the Hon. Mrs. Coleridge of Darby Green House, Blackwater, Camberley. He is a nephew of Lord Kilbracken



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

No Fool, Beaverbrook

THERE was a new outburst of activity in the Ministry of Supply last week when Lord Beaverbrook arrived back by bomber from his conferences in Washington. It was still widely assumed, though no announcement had been made, that he will head the British Mission to Moscow, when the United States, Russia, and Britain sit down to a three-power conference on war strategy and the apportionment of their joint resources. Mr. Eden will attend only if matters larger than pure supply are to be discussed.

Napoleon once declared that six hours' sleep was more than enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool. Lord Beaverbrook definitely ranks with Napoleon himself, Nelson, and Thomas Edison, as one of those super beings who require only four hours a night. The senior members of his staff at the Ministry of Supply know this to their cost. I doubt whether it suits the permanent head, Sir William Brown, a stupendous worker but, so far as I recall, one who likes to get his six or seven hours' sleep in the twenty-four. Sir William lives on the premises, and it is no unusual experience for him to remain in conference with Lord Beaverbrook until 2 a.m., only to be awakened by him again at 6 a.m., armed with half a dozen brand-new ideas.

Health and Politics

IT is generally known that the Prime Minister thinks nothing of working on until 5 o'clock

in the morning or even later. But he does make a point of going to bed for an hour or two every afternoon, and not infrequently conducts his early morning conferences at the bedside, armed, of course, with the inseparable cigar.

Incidentally, there is no positive record of Mr. Churchill's cigar consumption per diem. Some who know him well say that his average is ten a day; personally, I should have thought it was more. It may be added that Mr. Churchill's cigar is no affectation or pose, though it will go down to history with Lord Baldwin's pipe and Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella. The Prime Minister smokes cigars because he likes them, whether he is alone or in public.

There can be no question that success in public life comes largely to men, and indeed to women, endowed with more than the normal share of health and vitality. One's mind turns automatically to such men as Captain David Margesson, Mr. Anthony Eden, Lord Simon, and Mr. R. S. Hudson, who hardly ever show the slightest sign of fatigue, no matter how long the day's work.

There are, of course, outstanding exceptions, like the late Lord Curzon, who was perhaps given additional energy by the very need for triumphing over indifferent health. I believe that Mr. Roosevelt gave a shining example of the courage which has enabled him to rise superior to his own physical disabilities, when he attended divine service on H.M.S. Prince

of Wales three weeks ago "somewhere in the Atlantic." She is a big ship, and the walk of nearly two hundred yards after mounting the gangway evidently called for every ounce of grit the President could summon.

Promoted from the Ranks

REZA SHAH PAHLEVI, since he assumed charge of Persia's destinies in 1921, is an outstanding example of human vitality. For some time prior to the Anglo-Russian decision which set their armies marching into Persia, one has heard speculation as to how far Reza Pahlevi had fallen under German influence. While it is evident that Nazi agents had obtained an important degree of control in many of the country's essential services, the Shah's own personality would seem to run counter to the idea that he had become the tool of Germany.

Promoted from the Cossack ranks by the chance choice of a British colonel, afterwards endorsed by Field Marshal Lord Ironside, Reza Pahlevi soon became probably the largest individual landowner in Asia. With his love of territorial possessions came also aspirations to great wealth, and there was probably something more than national interest in his decision to cancel the Anglo-Persian oil concession in 1932. Undoubtedly the Shah's personal chest benefited by the higher royalties which the oil companies were thereafter obliged to pay on these valuable workings. On the other hand, his record shows that in the years since he came into power Reza Pahlevi devoted a great part of his immense natural energies to developing Iran as a modern national state. This ambition could not easily be fitted in with a readiness to allow Hitler's Germany to become the master of his country.

Like King Boris of Bulgaria, railways are his hobby, but, unlike Boris, he concerned himself less with the thrill of driving locomotives and more with the planning and construction of the Iranian system. Only in 1938, his was the hand that drove the last bolt—a golden one—to complete the Trans-Iran Railway, which



Mr. Lyttelton in Syria

The Hon. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of State and the War Cabinet's representative in the Middle East, recently visited Syria. Conferences on Syrian problems were held at Sofar between Mr. Lyttelton (centre), General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, and General Catroux, who commands the Free French Forces in the Middle East



King Peter on an A.A. Site

King Peter of Yugoslavia, who is a true modern in his passionate interest in all kinds of machinery, visited an A.A. gun site, and was able to handle the controls of, as well as inspect, a Bofors gun. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Pile, who has been G.O.C.-in-C. the Anti-Aircraft Command since 1939

links the Persian Gulf with the Caspian Sea. That railway is a remarkable feat of engineering, traversing great mountain ranges, passing through one hundred and fifty tunnels, and with innumerable bridges. With Iran impressed on to the Allied side, that line of land communication can be of the utmost value for the transport of British and United States supplies to Russia via the Persian Gulf and the Caspian ports.

Post-war Planning

AFTER the Roosevelt-Churchill Atlantic meeting, with its eight-point declaration of policy, it was natural that the next meeting of the Allied Conference in London should assume a larger importance. It had been generally expected that the Conference would be convened in the middle of last week. Now, it probably will not assemble until next.

It was obviously desirable to get the endorsement of these Allied representatives, both foreign and Dominion, for the "Atlantic Charter," as Mr. Churchill described it in his last broadcast. Equally it was obvious that some European countries might wish to add or detract from this broad statement of our war and peace aims. In particular, the Soviet Union, represented by M. Maisky, would be attending for the first time, and a postponement to ensure that there would be full agreement at the plenary session was reasonable.

It is expected that Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, now Director-General at the Ministry of Economic Warfare, but formerly Chief Economic Adviser to the Government, will be asked to preside over an Allied Central Bureau, whose principal task it will be to work out arrangements for the distribution of food and raw materials to war-battered Europe immediately peace is restored, and to plan for the shipping which will be needed to bring those stocks from overseas. Reserves are being accumulated, notably in South America and the Dominions, and these would become instantly available.

Since the United States is not yet a declared belligerent, the American Government will probably not be represented on the Bureau, but I gather that instructions have been given which will enable the American Embassy to maintain close and sympathetic touch with the work of the Bureau.

Lord Halifax Will Return

REPORTS current some weeks ago that Viscount Halifax, arrived back in England for a short time, might not return to his post as Ambassador in Washington can now be dismissed as without solid foundation. I understand that the Government is well satisfied with the way in which Lord Halifax has discharged his functions, and, particularly in recent weeks, he has found a much closer approach to the American people than was possible in the earlier period of his mission.

On the other hand, Mr. Charles Peake of the Foreign Office, who accompanied Lord Halifax to Washington and returned with him to England, is likely to be retained for other duties in London. He achieved the distinction of being promoted over the heads of more than a score of First Secretaries to the rank of Counsellor last year, and I anticipate that his services will now be used in one of the Foreign Office departments in London.

South America Bound

OTHER diplomatic moves are going on this week. By now, Mr. Ralph Stevenson, our new Minister to Montevideo, should be on his way to take up his post, and he will shortly be followed by our new Ambassador to Rio de Janeiro, Sir Noel Charles.

Having earned the rare distinction of becoming an ambassador before he was fifty,



Mr. Mackenzie King with the Canadian Forces

A few days after his arrival in this country, Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, visited some of the Dominion's soldiers and airmen now in England. Above he takes the salute at the march past. Behind him in the mackintosh is Lieutenant-General Andrew MacNaughton, Commander of the Canadian Corps. It is just a month since the Third Canadian Division arrived in Britain

Sir Noel has been back in England for a few weeks to inform himself of many aspects of our war effort. He has been abroad continuously for a number of years, having been on post in Bucharest, Tokio, Stockholm, Moscow, Brussels, Rome, and most recently in Lisbon. Thus, while he knows the rest of the world intimately, he has not lately had much opportunity to see for himself the development of events in Britain.

He may perhaps owe his latest promotion to personal contacts which he has chanced to make with Mr. Anthony Eden. He was First Secretary in Moscow when Mr. Eden visited Stalin in 1935, and was Counsellor in Brussels two years later when Mr. Eden went over there to negotiate British and French guarantees for Belgium. Moreover, in each of his latest posts—Rome and Lisbon—he has built up a solid reputation for sound reporting and excellent information. Since the Nazis have made Brazil the headquarters of their Fifth Column and propaganda organisation in Latin America, Sir Noel's first-hand knowledge of their methods and activities in Europe comes in very useful.

British Publicity in United States

I HEAR that Captain Herbert Shaw—his friends will more easily recognise him as "Ray" Shaw—has become Sir Gerald Campbell's representative in Washington for the direction of British publicity services. He ought to do well.

An extremely talented Irishman, Captain Shaw began his association with newspapers writing leaders for *The Times* during the Irish troubles. Later, and until the beginning of the present war, he acted as private secretary to Major John Astor, proprietor of *The Times*, and was to a great extent the link between the owner and Printing House Square. He had long-standing friendship with Sir

Campbell Stuart, an energetic Canadian member of *The Times* board of directors.

A too quick return to work after a serious operation put Captain Shaw out of action for nearly a year. Most of that time he spent in Canada and the United States. Now I am glad to hear that he is quite fit again. To his new job he will apply the utmost energy and an exceptional ability. I feel sure the Americans will like him. He is a good mixer, with a gift for anecdote, and an acute if somewhat macabre sense of humour.

British Soldiers in Moscow

ALTHOUGH the Russian armies are being forced to fall back at certain important points before the continued fierce onslaught of the German attack, and lately have been obliged to abandon some important and valuable areas, the British Military Mission in Moscow remains full of praise for Soviet military efficiency and morale. Lieutenant-General Mason MacFarlane, who heads the Mission, reported in what must be regarded as glowing terms on the recent visit he paid to a Soviet division which was engaged in a heavy counter-attack at the moment of his arrival. General MacFarlane is too good a soldier, and much too experienced, to send home this type of report unless he had reason to feel that the particular sector of the front which he visited was more or less typical.

His long experience as Military Attaché in Berlin, followed by a period as Director of Military Intelligence to the B.E.F. in France, has provided him with the necessary background for an appraisal of the relative efficiency of the forces now grappling in Western Russia. As a general officer he is regarded in London "as good as any we have got." As a man he is brave as a lion, and the strictest disciplinarian. Thus his report on the Soviet forces in the field becomes a weighty document.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Let Us Meander

THOUSANDS of years ago there was a district in Asia Minor called Phrygia, and in it there was a river named Meander. It is, of course, possible that the country and the river are still there. This river declined to keep straight on and indulged in innumerable twists and turnings. From it we derive the English word "meander." Coleridge set his sacred River Alph "meandering with a mazy motion." Then a very bad poet, one Robert Montgomery, got hold of the word and talked of streams "meandering level with their fount." Whereupon the great Macaulay sourly observed that "no stream meanders, or can possibly meander, level with its fount."

I don't remember any further use of the word in literature until we come to *David Copperfield*, on the second page of which an old lady objects to mariners who have the impiety and presumption to go "meandering" about the world. "Let us have no meandering!" was her phrase. As a film critic I am inclined to say "Let us have meandering" because. . . Well, because it is, or may be, a way of not giving offence. And sometimes, dear reader, somebody produces a film to which the critic particularly wants not to be rude. In that case, says the logical reader, why not choose another film to write about? To which the answer is that that might involve being ruder.

TURNING over Oscar Wilde's *Intentions* the other day I came across the following:

Criticism is no more to be judged by any low standard of imitation or resemblance than is the work of poet or sculptor. The critic occupies the same relation to the work of art that he criticises as the artist does to the visible world of form and colour, or the unseen world of passion and of thought. He does not even require for the perfection of his art the finest materials. Anything will suit his purpose. And just as out of the sordid and sentimental amours of the silly wife of a small country doctor in the squalid village of Yonville-l'Abbaye, near Rouen, Gustave Flaubert was able to create a classic, and make a masterpiece of style, so, from subjects of little or no importance, such as the pictures in this year's Royal Academy, or in any year's Royal Academy for that matter, Mr. Lewis Morris's poems, M. Ohnet's novels, or the plays of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the true critic can, if it be his pleasure so to direct or waste his faculty of contemplation, produce work that will be flawless in beauty and instinct with intellectual subtlety. Why not? To an artist so creative as the critic, what does subject-matter signify?

IN other words I am this week to build a masterpiece of criticism upon the film at the Leicester Square Theatre entitled *Forty Thousand Horsemen*. It just can't be done, since the orientation of that masterpiece, even if one could achieve it, must be towards rudeness.

Rather would one err in the direction of courtesy and lenience towards this first full-length Australian film, which was preceded by a luncheon of as much magnificence as consorts with the times. There was Australian burgundy, while for those of weaker stomach there was, as the girl in the Southend wine shop said: "A French wine of similar type." There were eminent gentlemen to address us. And here, let me give a hint to all eminent speechifiers addressing a purely journalistic gathering. This is to make it snappy.

It is unnecessary to tell a journalist anything twice: he has got it down before you have finished saying it once. Being himself an adept at compression—if he were not he would not keep his job—he resents repetition. I once asked a famous K.C. why Marshall Hall, to whom I had been listening that day, made every point four times. He said: "We all do it, and Marshall is no exception. The first time you say a thing the average juryman doesn't know you're talking. The second time he knows somebody is talking. The third time he discovers you are talking to him. At the fourth repetition he realises what you, Counsel, are saying to him, Jurymen." But film critics are a jury of different calibre. Will all eminent speechifiers remember this in future?

THE intention behind *Forty Thousand Horsemen* was to show us the extraordinary bravery of the Australian Cavalry during the last war. And thus to enable us to understand the gallantry and dash of their sons, now the mechanised units of the Libyan Desert. Once more I open the little book called *Intentions* and I read: "I said to you some time ago that it was far more difficult to talk about a thing than to do it." That, of course, was the bosh of the period. It is, and always was, much easier to write beautifully about, say, a sewing machine than to make one. Old man Hugo couldn't have mown two inches of a field of hay without amputating both feet. Whereas he could write:

Quel dieu, quel moissonneur de
l'éternel été
Avait, en s'en allant, négligemment
jeté
Cette faucille d'or dans le champ
des étoiles,

without mulcting his verse of a syllable. Anybody can talk nobly about a film aspiring to embody Australian gallantry. The difficulty is when the aspiration stops and the actual job starts. In the Leicester Square picture the men were there, and the horses were there. What was wanted was a scenario writer of talent and a director of something more than talent.

What we finally saw was a weak version of *Beau Geste* with a dreadful love story about a girl of seventeen who cuts her hair short and is immediately mistaken for a boy by the entire cavalry brigade. Did these bushrangers come, then, from a bush so excessively out of range that they had never seen a girl before? Didn't they know that no girl can run without knocking her knees and slapping her tummy? Do you remember, reader, the last sentence in Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*? "But the chickens were wiser." In this film the horses and even the camels were wiser.



"Forty Thousand Horsemen"

Betty Bryant is the heroine of the Australian film, "Forty Thousand Horsemen," and the three Light Horsemen heroes are Grant Taylor, "Chips" Rafferty and Pat Twohill. The Australian Department of Defence co-operated in the film's making, and so did two Australian Cavalry Divisions. Charles Chauvel produced and directed. The film, which went to the Leicester Square Theatre on August 22, gives Mr. Agate his theme this week

People in the News



Free Time—Lady Suirdale and Lady Limerick

Viscountess Suirdale and the Countess of Limerick are two full-time Red Cross workers. Lady Limerick as president of the London City and County Red Cross. Lady Suirdale, whose husband is a major in the Royal Armoured Corps, is the Earl of Donoughmore's daughter-in-law



Home Coming—Lord and Lady Halifax

Viscount Halifax arrived in England about ten days ago by bomber from America. Viscountess Halifax, who had preceded him here by a week, met him at the aerodrome. This is Lord Halifax's first visit to England since he left in January to become British Ambassador in Washington, and he is expected to be here for two or three weeks



Picture Show—Lady Cripps and Madame Maisky

Madame Maisky opened the Soviet Life Exhibition at the Suffolk Galleries last week, and Lady Cripps, wife of the British Ambassador in Moscow, went with her. Many aspects of the life and scenery of the sixteen republics and seventy nations of the U.S.S.R. are illustrated, and war posters were flown from Russia for the show. It was organised by the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. So many people arrived to see it on the first day that the doors had to be shut for a time



Luncheon—Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon and Miss Pauline Gower

"Women with Wings" was the theme of last week's Foyle's Luncheon, and the Minister of Aircraft Production presided at it. Next to him sat Miss Pauline Gower, O.C. the Women's Section of the Air Transport Auxiliary. Both of them made speeches: Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon appealed for the Amy Johnson Memorial Scholarship Fund which will provide professional flying training for women; Miss Gower spoke of Amy Johnson's death, and appealed for recruits for the A.T.A.

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Fun and Games (Prince's)

IT would be difficult to decide which of the items in this show come under the classification of "Fun" as distinct from "Games," and which under the classification of "Games" as distinct from "Fun." Some of them, indeed, appear to be neither. Take, for example, those in which Miss Linda Gray, an artist of outstanding quality, is involved. These are two in number, the first being Rimsky-Korsakov's *Chanson Hindoue* rendered as a quartet in a pictorial setting warranted to make any Persian miniature turn over on its face; the second, reconditely entitled *Song of Songs*, engaging the same quartet in a number of moribund sentimental pier-head ballads, the ladies being costumed more or less in the style of the three Wertheimer daughters, the gentleman looking in his frilly shirt like something rather uncomfortable out of Thackeray, and all singing like billy-o. These are not fun, neither are they games. How Miss Gray classifies them in the privacy of her dressing-room can only be conjectured.

THEN there are the fliffy-fluffy boy-and-girl numbers with floating chorus *obligato*. In these, Miss Carol Raye, a newcomer, is the chief attraction. Miss Raye will have her work cut out not to become one of the big, big stars in next to no time. She is very young, she is very fresh, she is very charming, and she dances very deliciously in a rather blush-making little ballet about a cobbler and some ballet shoes. She can, if she likes, leap to the top of the bill, perform in a vacuum

for the rest of her life, demand and receive enormous sums of money for wasting her talent, and maybe even end up in a gaudy grave in Hollywood.

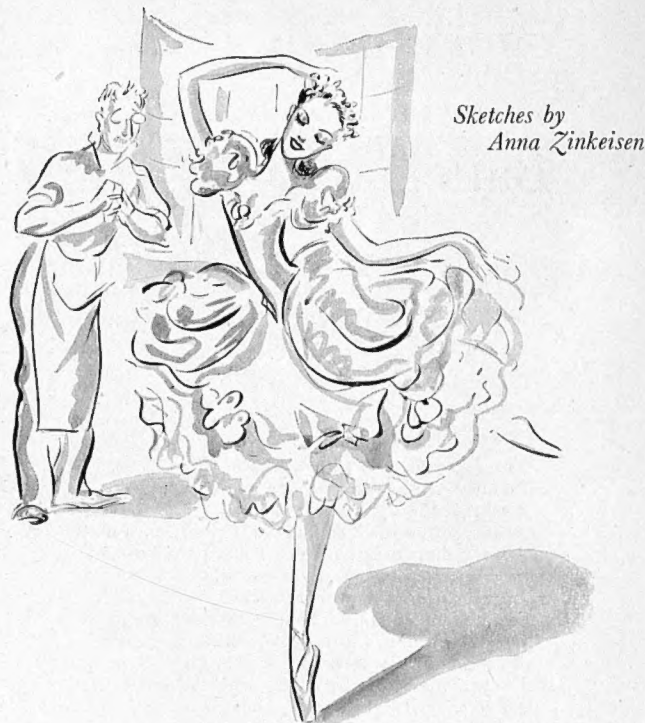
It must be difficult to resist swarming up the ladder of fame. Success, however, once achieved, is merely a millstone. It is out of the quality of the work you do rather than out of the applause you get for it that satisfaction ultimately lies. One would not worry about Miss Raye if she were not unusually promising. As she is, one worries a good deal.

OTHERWISE, here we have plenty of funny games and gamy fun from the old gang, with book by Mr. Douglas Furber who, if not a chain smoker these days, still manages to be a chain writer, and management by Mr. Firth Shephard who devised the show and who, having devised it, must, I suppose, be held responsible for the number of times his name is mentioned on the stage, beginning lugubriously with *Shephard's Market*, wherein Olde Watchmen, Olde Apprentices, Olde Butchers and Olde Candlestickmakers doe assemble.

Soon after this comes the funniest turn in the bill—a silent tippy scene for Mr. Sydney Howard and Mr. Richard Hearne, with charming comic diversions provided by vocifer-

ous canaries, erratic cuckoos, and alarm clocks that will not be silenced but emit rebellious gurgles when plunged into water jugs. Then, in *The Royal Raviolis* (No. 5), Mr. Howard and Mr. Hearne are joined not only by Mr. Arthur Riscoe but by Miss Vera Pearce, who performs burlesque prodigies as a vaudeville strong woman. The old gang gets a lot of fun out of this, but in the twelve remaining items there is nothing to which I would give pass marks as an examiner apart from Miss Raye's dancing. Miss Pearce has to work desperately hard with a hunting lyric containing, it goes without saying, a joke about her seat. Mr. Riscoe sings a new song about Sally who, in spite of the rhyming dictionaries, is still unable to get out of her alley. Mr. Hearne shoots about, Mr. Howard wades his way subtly through crude material. A remarkable sketch entitled *A Desert Outpost* would seem to have been inserted for the express purpose of baffling commentators.

I UNDERSTAND, by the way, that the B. B. C. has banned jokes about the V sign. The censor, if he must censor, might follow suit. Low's cartoon, in which he demonstrated that the V sign in conquered countries stands for Victory all right, but that in England it just stands for Vulgarity, should be taken to heart. When one hears of it being written on the walls in France, one does feel rather a thrill. But when, to get a laugh, it is inscribed on Miss Pearce's bottom, one just feels that there are no depths to which managements will not sink in order to make, in these distressing times, a little more money.



Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen

"The Old Shoemaker"—the Dancer is
Carol Raye, the shoemaker is Richard
Hearne, who also devised the scene



The Royal Raviolis—"the world's most wonderful equilibrists"

Ballet at the Lyric

Mona Inglesby Has Brought
Her Company to London

The International Ballet, which Mona Inglesby founded and directs, opened a three-weeks season at the Lyric last Tuesday (26th). Besides its director, Nina Tarakanova, Celia Franca and Ailne Phillips, Harold Turner and Rovi Pavinoff are its chief dancers, Stanislas Idzikowski is its maître de ballet, and Serge Krish the conductor of its orchestra. The repertoire of nine ballets includes three by Mona Inglesby—*Amoras*, already seen in London, the charming *Endymion*, and *Planetomania*, which is new—*Fête Bohème*, by Harold Turner, and some old friends, *Sylphides*, *Carnaval*, *Lac des Cygnes*, Act II.



"*Planetomania*" is one of Mona Inglesby's new ballets and had its premiere last Thursday. Chief characters in it are Nina Tarakanova as Venus, Harold Turner as the scientist who transports himself and his household to the planet, Ailne Phillips as his wife, Mona Inglesby as the maid. Music for this ballet is by Norman Damuth, decor by Doris Zinkeisen



Mona Inglesby, here in "*Le Lac des Cygnes*," is founder, director, choreographer and one of the leading dancers of the International Ballet, which came to London last week after a long provincial tour. She is twenty-three, and this is her second independent venture

Anthony



Nina Tarakanova, well known to London with the Blum and Massine ballet companies before the war, is a leading dancer of the International Ballet. She is Venus (as here) in Mona Inglesby's "*Planetomania*," and also has a leading part in Harold Turner's "*Fête Bohème*"

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd.

Duchess of Gloucester

A MONSTER fête, to which five or six thousand people went, was held at Hinchbrook Castle, Huntingdonshire, in aid of the Red Cross. The castle belongs to Lord and Lady Sandwich, who kindly lent the whole of the beautiful grounds and gardens, and the Duchess of Gloucester was there, with Princess Helena Victoria. After tea she was presented with purses amounting to £3,285 6s. 9d. by representatives of forty-three villages in the neighbourhood.

The famous "Quads" were among the side-shows, viewed by 1600 visitors, and afterwards presented to H.R.H. Besides the usual activities, there was boxing, and a special wrestling bout between Tony Barr (R.A.F.), undefeated Champion of Scotland, 1931-33, and L. A. C. Rudd (R.A.F.), present North of England Champion. Barr won.

More Comforts—and Scotland

THAT humdrum word "comforts" has found itself in print persistently since the war, and the distinguished ladies who have adopted it think up countless things to apply it to, and then bestow on the Forces.

The Duchess of Northumberland has an A.T.S. Comforts Fund, and, with her daughter, Lady Brackley, arranged an exhibition of them in Newcastle. A practical one was chilblain ointment, and an unwieldy but desirable one a carpet.

The Duchess herself wrote the descriptive cards on the various objects.

A fête up in Berwick was opened by Lady Dunglass in the grounds of Lady Ramsay's home. Lady Dunglass was introduced by Lady Edith Trotter, who was also among the stallholders. So were Mrs. Menzies, Mrs. John Menzies, and Mrs. Alexander Sinclair.

North Wales

MUCH of this lovely country is still practically empty, without golf courses, piers, bungalows, or their addicts to compete with the mountains, lakes, woods, rivers and estuaries which set one another off in tumbled profusion.

One of the big landowners up there is Mrs. Inge, a connection of the famous Dean's. She has three estates; one of them is in Merionethshire, where is a lovely artificial lake, made by her parents, and artistically dotted with groups of water-lilies, and some excellent salmon-fishing. Little old granite quays have steps leading down to the lush grass of the valley: the sea has receded there, as at Rye and other places. In the 18th century the important family there was called Griffuydd: the epitaph of one of them announces that he was "a severe reprover of all vices."

Recent visitors to the neighbourhood include Lord Dudley, Lord Chetwynd, and Lady Long.

Travel

LOYD GEORGE'S house is not far off, and the pompously castellated granite Castell Deudrath is now occupied by a boys'

preparatory school evacuated from the London neighbourhood. A fantastic feature of one of the headlands is Port Meirion, a hotel disguised as an Italian village, and looking more like a plateful of highly coloured iced cakes than anything.

An explanation of the emptiness of the neighbourhood may be the extreme difficulty of getting to it. Hours and hours of travel, in train after train, all of which stop at every possible excuse, and stand panting, as if wondering whether they can possibly advance another yard. Every detail about fellow passengers becomes embedded in one's mind for ever. One woman was very foodily dished up, in shades of chocolate and tomato, with a curious ornament in her lapel, exactly like a glazed ox-tongue made of enamelled tin.

In Ireland

SIR JOHN MAFFEY has been representing Britain in Eire since October, 1939, and he and Lady Maffey are living at Farm Hill, Dundrum, Co. Dublin. He gets up early every morning to train dogs for the gun, before going to his office, and once a week he visits the Dublin mountains to train them there.

Lady Maffey is a cousin of the Stewarts of Ards, with whom she and her husband used often to stay before they lived in Ireland themselves. Besides her official jobs she gardens and poultry farms: the other day she opened a garden party at Merville, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin, which was a rallying centre for Boy Scouts, who gave a display at the party.

There are some lovely mountains within reach of Farmhill—around the Featherbed, Douce, the Three Rock and the Two Rock, all excellent for shooting, and for Sir John's dog training.

More Diplomats

MR. MAURICE ANTROBUS has left the British Representative's office to go to an appointment in Australia, and Mr. Norman Archer has taken his place. Mr. Archer, who was in the Navy until the end



Mr. Montagu-Douglas-Scott and Miss Philips

Lieut. Claud Everard Walter Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lothians and Border Horse, is the younger son of Lieut.-Colonel Lord George Scott, of Kirklands, Ancrum, Roxburghshire, and the late Lady Elizabeth Scott, and a cousin of the Duke of Buccleuch and the Duke of Rutland. Miss Margaret Francis Philips is the daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. L. F. Philips, and Mrs. Philips, of Hill Grove, Bembridge, Isle of Wight. They were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Sir Noel Dryden and Miss Scrope

Sir Noel Dryden, Bt., and Miss Rosamund Mary Scrope, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Stephen Scrope, and Mrs. Scrope, were married at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street. He succeeded as tenth Baronet in 1938, works at the B.B.C. as an announcer, has been on the stage. The first baronet was grandfather of John Dryden, the poet

of the last war, is a keen fisherman, and his wife is a daughter of Lord Daryngton.

Mr. John Betjeman is Press Attaché at the same office, and is the author, among other things, of the amusing book *Ghastly Good Taste*. He married Miss Penelope Chetwode, and has become popular in Dublin literary circles. Mr. Sean Murphy, Minister for Eire at Vichy, has been spending some weeks' holiday at Waterville, Co. Kerry. From there he went to Dublin, before leaving for France again.

Mr. T. A. Belton, of the Department of External Affairs in Eire, has gone to the office of the Irish High Commissioner in London as Counsellor, a new post with which is combined the position of First Secretary. Mr. Belton was Secretary to the Irish Legation in Paris for four years.

Versatility

PEOPLE who are very good at one thing often turn out to have other talents as well—Daphne Barker, the cabaret star, is one of these. Her portraits are extremely clever, and her studio at her attractive Hampstead home is a gallery of celebrities, including Frances Day, very effective on satin, and Carmen Miranda, whose exotic personality is caught in a blaze of fantastic colours. She is now working on one of her husband, Jack, which is being kept a secret, as a surprise for him—which he should have had by the time this appears. He has just become a full-time A.R.P. warden, and it shows him in his uniform, looking very stern and efficient.

The Barkers are still breaking all records at the May Fair, and are now in their seventh week there. Among parties in the restaurant lately was one given by Mrs. John Dewar for several of the R.A.F. pilots recuperating at her hospital somewhere in the country, at which co-guests of honour were Captain and Mrs. Colin Bain Marais. He is the new South African Minister to the Netherlands in this country.

Parties Out Dancing

At another table at the May Fair, Patricia Desmond, the American actress, wearing one of her famous picture hats, was having jokes with Captain Freddie Lord, ace of the American ferry pilots. He has had an



Mr. Alistair Stewart and Miss Isobel Milles-Lade were at a table together. She is the youngest sister of Earl Sondes, who succeeded his cousin as fourth Earl in January

interesting career: fought in Mexican civil wars; for the Chinese against the Japs; and in the Spanish Civil War. Among the many ribbons on his uniform are the Croix de Guerre and the D.F.C. with Bar, won in the last war, when he was flying with the then General Ironside at Archangel.

Another exciting guest was Captain Elliott Roosevelt, second son of the President, bronzed, handsome, and determined looking. At his table were several leading lights from the Ministry of Information.

Cocktail Party

MR. QUENTIN REYNOLDS gave a cocktail party at the Savoy to welcome Robert Riskin, famous Hollywood script writer and author of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, who flew over in a bomber.

The American Ambassador, Mr. Drexel Biddle, was talking to Miss Kathleen Harriman, journalist daughter of Averill Harriman. Mrs. Randolph Churchill had a high-crowned navy-blue hat. David Niven was in good form, and told an amusing Sam Goldwyn story. Jack Beddington, who says "I will not leave the Ministry of Information, the Ministry of Information will leave me,"



Lady Honor Vaughan and Captain Eric Cooper - Key were another couple at the Lansdowne. Lady Honor Vaughan is the second of the Earl of Lisburne's four daughters

was there; and Ivan Scott, who makes the entertaining *Point of View* films.

Quite a lot of Air Force blue uniforms, including Dickson, pilot of the "F-for-Freddie" crew in *Target for To-night*.

In Harrogate

THE tour of John Gielgud and "distinguished London company" which has been going all over England with *Dear Brutus*, is nearly ended, and he has plans to follow it, in the autumn, with *Macbeth* in London. All the stars of the original production have been on the tour, and they managed to fit in an entertainment in Harrogate in aid of the Duchess of Northumberland's Comforts Fund.

A scene from *The Taming of the Shrew*, Noel Coward's *Hands Across the Sea*, and the last scene from *Richard of Bordeaux* were in the programme, which was watched by the Princess Royal and her two sons.

Under the photograph of Miss Henderson-Scott in our issue of August 20th we regret that an error was made. Her father, Major W. M. Henderson-Scott, was in The Queen's Westminster Rifles. We apologise for any inconvenience caused.



Brother and Sister at a Wedding

Swaabe

The Hon. John Mansfield and his sister, Viscountess Parker, met unexpectedly at the Heneage-Dawson wedding (see p. 337), he on leave from the R.A.F.V.R., and she on her day off from the M.T.C. They are the elder son and daughter of Lord Sandhurst. Lady Parker's husband is the elder son and heir of the Earl of Macclesfield

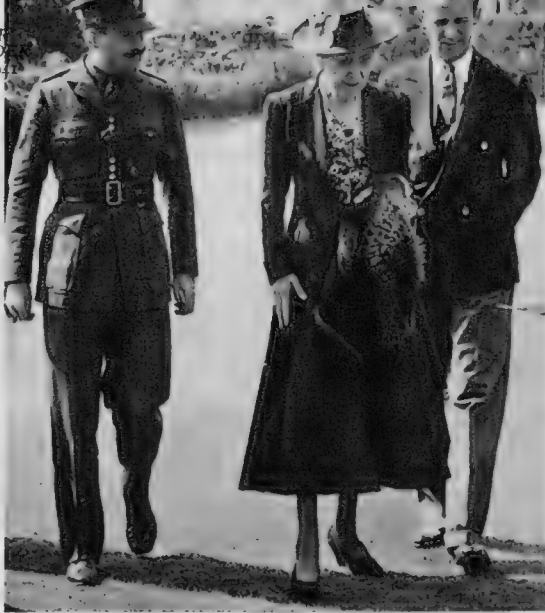


Father and Daughter at a Film

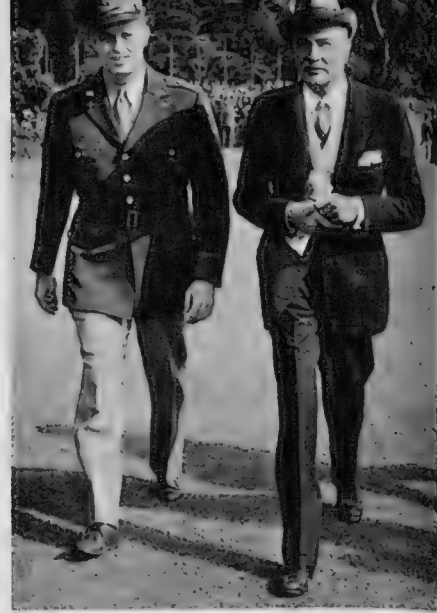
Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, the First Sea Lord, and his daughter, Mrs. D. R. Duff, were at the premiere of the first large-scale Australian-made film, "40,000 Horsemen," at the Leicester Square Theatre. Mrs. Duff married her sailor-husband, son of Admiral Sir Arthur Duff, in July last year



Princess Helena Victoria was in a front seat with Commander and Lady Patricia Ramsay to watch the exhibition tennis at Englemere House, on one of the rare fine days in August



Princess Marie Louise, with Captain H. Carden and Captain Dudley Forbes, took a walk in the grounds between matches. Tea was served out of doors in the intervals of play



Capt. Elliott Roosevelt, who recently arrived in this country on a military mission, is seen with Sir Archibald Weigall. He was present at his father's historic meeting with Mr. Churchill



Spectators round the courts saw former International tennis aces take part in the exhibition matches. The players included Mrs. Menzies, better known as Kay Stammers, and Mme. Mathieu, who is head of the Free French A.T.S.

Tennis for Charity

A Big Tournament at Ascot

Lady Crosfield and Mrs. Philip Hill recently organised an afternoon of tennis matches in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Fund. The grounds of Englemere House, Ascot, were lent for the occasion by Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall. Some 800 people watched the excellent tennis provided by some of our best-known players, and the weather for once was worthy of the occasion



Miss Virginia Tate was one of the children who sold programmes to swell the Red Cross funds

Canadians were represented by Maj.-Gen. Victor Odum, Commander of the 2nd Division Canadian Active Service Force, who came with his wife



Left: Edward and Albert Teixeira, sons of the Dutch Counsellor, held hands

Right: Lord Portarlington walked with Mrs. Alastair Timpson and her mother, Lady Houstoun-Boswall





Queen Geraldine of Albania, a refugee in England since the Italian occupation of her country, was photographed in conversation with Lady Crosfield, one of the two organisers of the successful afternoon



Officer Cadet Radcliffe, Mrs. Norman Philips, Mr. Timothy Barclay, Mrs. Keith Hervey and Mrs. Oliver Sismey came together. Mrs. Philips, formerly Elizabeth Barclay, is the widow of Mr. Norman Philips, who was killed in action



Count Raczyński, the new Polish Foreign Minister, sat with Mme. Teixeira de Mattos, wife of the Counsellor at the Dutch Legation in London. Count Raczyński was formerly Polish Ambassador here and succeeded M. Żaleski as Foreign Minister



Countess Raczyński, wife of the Polish Foreign Minister, took her daughters, Varda and Veriden, who also sold programmes



The Hon. Charles Rhys, son of Lord Dynevor, who is in the Grenadier Guards, was there with Mrs. Rhys



Mrs. Partington, Miss Joan Haggie, Mrs. Calvocoressi and Mrs. Philip Hill were busy with the tickets during the afternoon. Mrs. Hill was co-hostess with Lady Crosfield

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Neill Cooper-Key came to see the matches with the Hon. Esmée Harmsworth. Mrs. Cooper-Key and Miss Harmsworth are the daughters of Lord Rothermere



Miss Anne Crichton, Mrs. David Crichton, the Hon. Sir George Crichton and Lady Mary Crichton were in the audience. Sir George is a great-uncle of the Earl of Erne



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THOUSANDS of Dutch bicycle-bells shrilling in mocking unison drowned an open-air speech by a leading quivering the other day, demonstrating once more that in Holland at least the bicycle has taken the place of the horse as the Friend of Man.

We treat the bicycle with shocking coldness in this country. Society, having taken it up as a thrilling new pet in the Nineties, when the headline beauties of the period might have been seen cycling very carefully, in large hats and leg-of-mutton sleeves and billowing skirts, round Battersea Park every morning, often accompanied by "Mr. Arthur," as rich women called the philosophic but arid Balfour, dropped it in due course and turned to fondling pet monkeys, or poets, or whatever the new excitement was. The Middle Class hastily dropped the bicycle a week later, and it has since been mainly connected socially with trouser-clips, waxed moustaches, welk teas, aspidistras, and gents' Alberts hung with silver medals.

The less snobbish Dutch have continued to admire and cherish it as the Arab does his faithful steed ("My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by!"), and every Dutch citizen, from the Queen down, rides or rode it daily on the snaffle with gravity and circumspection.

Afterthought

IN Tsarist Russia it was a favourite mount of the Orthodox Hierarchy ("His poor little thoughts crawl along like a bishop on a bicycle," says one of Tchekov's bores). In Belgium and France it has been bred

carefully from stud into a high-speed racer capable, as any dazed spectator of a Six-Jours rally or Vélodrome-d'Hiver meeting is aware, of swaying the passions of enormous crowds.

In unhappy Paris the bicycle is today a supreme solace, and in London, although smart hostesses are still a bit cagey—despite the lead given them by our late brilliant and regretted colleague A. G. Macdonell, who used to flash gracefully through the West End and Chelsea like Young Lochinvar, using one hand only—we predict it will before long conquer all hearts again, assisted, nay, encouraged by the Petroleum Board, whose apologies to the ordinary consumer grow monthly more heartrending and insincere.

Tiff

WITH our morbid love for digging down to sources, we note with interest but no surprise that Admiral Darlan's deep loathing of this country, as a Free French ex-friend of his recently confirmed, is strictly personal. The British Government having refused, rightly or wrongly, to take the word of this fiery, ambitious, and difficult Gascon for the French Fleet, his first act after Oran was to return home in a rage and destroy everything he possessed which reminded him of England, and today there's nothing Darlan won't do to us to avenge his wounded honour, like a Cyrano gone sour.

Gascons are like that (and incidentally



"—Then we took the kids to see 'Fantasia'..."

naval Gascons remember Trafalgar even more clearly than the rest of the French Navy, including the Bretons). Sensitive over the *punto d'onore* as any hidalgo and equally brave, but lacking Spanish dignity and balance and touchy as all-get-out, the Gascon boils over on the least provocation like a hot little Welchman and wants to sock the world.

Not that this drawback is purely Gascon and Celtic, or confined to tenors and fighting-men; and it certainly seems a trifle thick, as Mr. Beeton said when he tasted glue in the consommé, that the wounded vanity—generally excessive—of some thinskin politician of a colder blood can also plunge a country into war (a case is said to have occurred within the last five years, as many are aware). Just one too-frigid smile at a Minister's wife during a reception can start things. Maybe that's how the trouble generally begins.

The obvious practical remedy, suggested to us once by a diplomat, is to shoot all women, but we can't help feeling this would vex many people who like them.

Quartet

FEW best-selling bookish boys dare swear, hand on heart, that they have never written a line which might redden the cheek of innocence. That eminent literary figure, the late Charles Pendlebury, could do so at the age of 87 with absolute truth.

Of Mr. Pendlebury, one-time senior mathematics master at St. Paul's, Auntie Times observed in her recent obituary-notice that his name was familiar to generations of schoolboys, and his famous *Arithmetic for Schools* had been translated even into Burmese. It has always seemed odd to us that the lives of ostentatious industry and virtue led by his principal quartet of characters A, B, C, and D have never stung some indignant Bloomsbury thinker into producing a rival arithmetic book more consonant with Marx, Freud, Krafft-Ebing, and advanced modern thought. Specimen elementary problem:

A can dig a square yard in $5\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, which is half as fast as B and one and a half times as fast as C and D together, and is being blackmailed by C, a noted diabolist. Halfway through the digging of a piece of ground $15'$ by $45'$, B elopes with one of the "wives" of A; C, who is under the influence of hashish, leaves to attend a Voodoo séance at a local

(Concluded on page 338)



"Put me down at once. I'm supposed to be guarding this field"

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Heneage — Dawson

Major Neil Frederick Heneage, R.A., eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel A. P. Heneage, M.P., and Mrs. Heneage, of Walesby House, Market Rasen, Lincs., and Rosemary Ann Dawson, only daughter of the late Ivo Vernon Dawson, and Mrs. Dawson, of 40, Knightsbridge Court, S.W.1, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Grey — Gwynne

A. Christopher Grey, son of the late Colonel Arthur Grey, and Mrs. Grey, of East End House, Ditchling, Sussex, and Diana Gwynne, daughter of the late Rupert Gwynne, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. John Hamilton, of the Old Grammar School, Dedham, Essex, and a cousin of Viscount Ridley, were married at All Saints, Margaret Street



Johnson — Little

Left: Pilot-Officer Stephen Philip Lowthian Johnson, R.A.F.V.R., second son of the late W. L. Johnson, of Arncliffe Hall, Northallerton, and Strathaird, Skye, and Mrs. Johnson, of Riddell Mains, Melrose, and Jane Hamilton Little, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Wilfrid Little, of 1, Knightsbridge Mans., S.W.1, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Right: Sec.-Lieut. James Bottomley, Inns of Court Regiment, only son of Sir Cecil and Lady Bottomley, of Greenfield, Wool Road, Wimbledon, and Barbara Evelyn Vardon, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vardon, of Goldstone Hall, Market Drayton, Salop, were married at Saint Swilkin's, Cheswardine



Bottomley — Vardon



Buckingham — Montesole

Major Philip Henry Hicks Buckingham, Gordon Highlanders, and Barbara Maxine Eve Montesole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Montesole, of East House, Pinner, Middlesex, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. He is the only son of the late Sir Henry Buckingham, and Lady Buckingham, of 15, Hans Place, S.W.1, and Seale Lodge, Seale, Surrey



Tree — Clarke

Flying-Officer Neville Tree, R.A.F.V.R., only son of late Charles Tree, and Mrs. Tree, of Kendrick Court, Reading, and Margaret Clarke, only daughter of Sir Basil and Lady Clarke, of Fiddler's Furze, Virginia Water, Surrey, were married at Christ Church, Virginia Water. Her father is a well-known journalist

(Concluded on page 350)

Standing By ...

(Continued)

co-educational prep. school; and D, a disguised Communist Party official, denounces A as a bourgeois for his views on the ownership of the means of production. Having murdered D within the next half-hour, how much work will A have done before (a) he is arrested by the hirelings of the Capitalist State, or (b) the comrade-members of his own "cell" get him?

There is a footnote discussing the complex sex-life of A, evidently a *vraie tête de cocu*.

Doubt

VERY different is the decent Muse of Pendlebury, whose work can be placed in every hand, like its great best-seller predecessor, Cocker's Arithmetic, which (you remember) Dr. Samuel Johnson presented to a shy Highland nymph during his Hebridean tour. This gift amused the Doctor's friends considerably until he explained, knitting those terrible brows, that Cocker happened to be the only book he had with him.

And what more improving gift for a nice girl than Pendlebury, equally? Though you never know; his book may itself have turned out by now to have Freudian angles. You can hardly look a buttercup in the face nowadays without a snigger from Bloomsbury.

Switch

TAKING a line from Soviet radio, the B.B.C. Foreign Broadcast Department is to "humanise" its stuff for German consumption, it is announced. More

"emotional appeal" is to be the thing, apparently. More "punch."

It won't be too easy for some of the B.B.C. boys, we dare surmise. Accustomed to preserve a high standard of rather frigid gentility, Grade 3A or South Kensington, they will especially wince, if we know anything about them, at the word "humanise," which has awful implications. Some of them still remember, with a light shudder, that brilliant broadcaster of the late Spanish war, General Queipo de Llano, whose technique endeared him so greatly to the Nationalist and especially to the Sevillian proletariat. The lower class Sevillian has a jovial gift of backchat and is extremely *comunicativo*, or free from reserve, like Sancho Panza, and Queipo de Llano knew exactly the stuff to give him, namely racy, vigorous hitting and continuous sardonic fun (you probably recall his celebrated musings on the beauty of the wives of British Left Wing clergymen, some of whom were enjoying a conducted tour round Barcelona). The General was as good as an Army Corps to the Nationalist cause, and Soviet radio still hasn't caught up with him in the "humanised" line.

So many of the B.B.C. boys seem to have swallowed a poker in their infancy that it may assist them to remember that Lord Curzon himself once unbent sufficiently to enquire "What is a *bay-ah-no*?", meaning "beano," and the explanation didn't unduly scandalise him.

Chum

THOSE renewed suggestions to the rural populace to keep more goats are sensible enough. Goats yield tasty, if a trifle rich, milk, full of vitamins, making a fearful but nutritious cheese, are easy to feed,

and are agreeable to look at, even if they do remind the sensitive observer at times of the National Liberal Club.

Citizens who complain of this have never looked carefully into a goat's eyes, which are limpid, comely, free from provincialism and odd suburban aversions, and rather like the yearning eyes of charming girls who live in Queen's Gate and Knightsbridge and constantly live the Life Beautiful. (Reminding one inevitably of Mrs. Dorothy Parker's 10-word *New Yorker* critique of a new Broadway play with that appealing title, "*The Life Beautiful*," wrote Mrs. Parker inexorably, "turned out to be *The Play Lousy*.") Whereas the eyes of a typical British Liberal... however, this is no place for psychopathic discussions. The safe thing to do is to keep to leeward.

Footnote

NOTE you incidentally (speaking of Liberals), that many Island thinkers persist in talking and writing as if our mild native product was the same thing as a Liberal abroad, which is absurd. The Liberal abroad is fierce and destructive and full of bounding violence, like a jaguar. Moreover he habitually drinks wine, a performance shocking to a decent British Liberal mind. You'd have thought the League of Nations or something could have stopped all that.

Prospect

DOUBTS about the restored England of our hopes have already been expressed in print by a dismal chap who predicts ominously that the urgency of new post-war housing may yet compel the shelving of those wide schemes for decent planning.

Bloody but unbowed, one merely wonders what the typical pastoral—we'd rather not think of the industrial—English village will look like circa 1950-55 if this wowser turns out to be right, God forbid. As it stands it's already a piquant comment on Progress, consisting of half a dozen successive period-exhibits:

1. A clot of medieval or late-Tudor half-timbered cottages nestled round the church; craftsmanlike, harmonious, often beautiful, intensely individual;
2. Down the street, a few scattered specimens of rural Jacobean, Augustan, and Georgian work in rosy mellow brick or tiled weatherboarding; proportioned, often dignified, simple, often graceful in the matter of windows and pilasters, strongly individual;
3. Further down, a uniform smear or terrace of 15 mean, hideous, drab boxes, circa 1887, generally called "Jubilee Villas" and without pleasure or profit to God or man;
4. Further still, stretching into the fields, a rash of shoddy, pretentious little shacks in three-ply and tin, all similar; the contribution of 1919-39, designed apparently by a drunk and vicious moneylender's niece in Hell.

What further degradations are in store for the countryside, let alone the towns, if honour is shelved, who can say? Ring up Whitehall 89889, Extension 76A, and warn Tiny to go easy on those contracts, because some of the boys will be laying for him.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Frankly, I'm not at all satisfied the way the war's going—there are hardly any New Issues"

Old Bill Goes East : By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Peace aims, my boy, is the right of free peoples to what's-it, and to see whatever-it-is don't ever 'appen again"

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Barkers for Britain

THE indefatigable Bundles for Britain held a lawn (garden) party for dogs in front of the State Capitol at Albany, capital of New York State. The gathering inaugurated a membership drive for a new, subsidiary branch, "Barkers for Britain." The emblem of membership is a bronze medallion which dog-owners buy for fifty cents and attach to the dumb chum's collar.

Mrs. Herbert H. Lehman's "Budget," a German boxer, received the guests and a telegram from the Barkers' top dog, "Falla," Mr. Roosevelt's Scottie, who was unavoidably detained in Washington.

There are 317,000 licensed canines in New York City and 770,000 in the State. Having no flair for reciting statistics I cannot tell you how many more are unlicensed, nor how many of the grand total are dachshunds; but from observation the percentage of "sausages" wearing United States and/or British emblems to prove their bona fides remains fashionably high.

Torch of the Times

NEWPORT, the yachting resort with the long history of monied superiority, has had some shocks in its day, but none recently comparable with the purchase by Gertrude Niesen, torch singer, of Rosecliff, built for Mrs. Oelrichs in 1902 by Stanford White at a cost of two million bucks. In 1904, was staged therein a bal blanc costing a mere twenty-five thousand, while in 1910 the then chatelaine invited the American fleet to Rosecliff where gobs danced with debs—a terribly daring affair.

Miss Niesen got the property for several thousands less than the bill for the bal blanc, but she will have to carry on the torch to pay taxes. American Land-Poor are pulling down their houses to avoid taxation. People whose houses have been bombed accept this as further evidence of the haywire world in which it has pleased Providence to expect the best in it.

Field Service Ball

GREENWICH, Connecticut, was the scene of a ball at the Indian Harbor Yacht Club under

the auspices of the American Field Service, the principal guests being those officers and men scheduled to proceed to Cairo. Among these were Captain Peter Muir, who is in command of the American Field Service in the Middle East; and two last-war veterans who did not have enough of driving ambulances in France last year—Erwin H. ("Watsy") Watts, last heard of by this department evacuating American-born Princess "Eddy" Lobcowitz and her three children through Portugal, and Stuart Benson, the sculptor, whose workman's cottage on the road to St. Paul, A.M., proved a haven in past Augusts for those to whom "The Septic Belt" (as botanist Christopher Sandeman designated the casino-fringed Riviera coast) had gone sour. We salute these good Americans gratefully.

Personal Intelligence

MRS. HAROLD HUTH, with Angela and Patricia (who learnt to walk in Hollywood) have gone back to England; they could not take the separation, so hard on us all.

François Mauriac, the powerful novelist of the Landes, for whom D. B. Wyndham-Lewis inquired, is reported, together with André Gide, Martin du Gard, Marcel Bouteron and Duhamel, to have refused to write for "paid" newspapers and magazines. "A writer like Valéry," says a letter smuggled out of France, "finds himself practically starving since he chooses not to write in the German-paid magazines, and has consequently had his post taken away from him."

Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Cooke, her Pompadour secured by a Nippy bow, won the Seabright Bowl in New Jersey for the first time since 1933. Like Robert Riggs in the men's singles, she went through with the loss of one set only, thus succeeding Alice Marble, now a professional, as holder of this important trophy.

Miss Gillian Hansard, daughter of the late novelist René Hansard, stayed on in France as I told you, at her farm above Cannes, farming and filling every spare moment with relief work, although she is all alone and only twenty-three. A gallant boyish figure with her reddish Peter Pan hair, Gillian has refused to join her American-born aunt, Mrs. Jan Juta, believing that she

should stay and work for the great spiritual "renaissance." She recently became a Roman Catholic.

Jan Juta is editing admirable "Bulletins from Britain," sent out by the British Library of Information, where Vernon Bartlett has just arrived to direct the British Press Service, Professor C. K. Webster to guide the library itself, and Dr. Winifred Cullis to interpret English Women's war work. Sir Gerald Campbell's other experts arriving by the end of August include specialists on India—a significant subject on which the average American is hopelessly misinformed, that is to say he knows as little as the average Englishman about the United States; and that little is dangerously inaccurate and biased.

At the Red Barn

THUNDER rumbling, rain drumming on the corrugated roof, and the evening train shunting within twenty yards, did not detract from the charm of Molnar's *The Play's the Thing*, adapted by P. G. Wodehouse and given by a young company of summer players in the locally celebrated Red Barn Theatre, at prettily named Locust Valley on Long Island. Never a great admirer of Molnar, I was won by the neatness, artifice and sophisticated whimsy with which this very "French" theme is decorated.

The heroine was played by a former Powers' Model with the same wooden competence as she displayed in cigarette ads, but the Red Barn justified its reputation as a nursery of talent by giving several gifted refugees from Mittel Europa their first chance in a kindly country.

Summer Flowering

THE most dated and the most successful "summer theatre" revival is *Idiot's Delight*, seen by this department at Christopher Morley's playhouse, The Millpond, Roslyn, L.I., in company with British Mother Margery McGuffie, sister of Mrs. "Toby" Thelluson. Sherwood's immediately pre-war offering retains the rasping quality of yesterday's newspapers, plus those taking scenes between the hoover (created by Alfred Lunt and Raymond Massey on either side) and the sweet so-and-so, whose imagination runs away with him.

Theatre lovers all over the world must be heartened by the enthusiastic flowering of the Summer Theatre as a nation-wide institution; old plays, new plays, light fare, heavy stuff, everything by turns comes on and off week by week from July to September, giving employment to hundreds and spreading appreciative enjoyment among tens of thousands whose conception of entertainment had been confined to moving pictures. If the theatre so blossoms in the home of the cinema, then it is very much alive.



Four Americans Who Are Taking a Course in Advanced Mechanics

Miss Margery Gerdes is at Vassar, the famous girls' college. In her summer vacation she has been training for the Motor Corps (American Red Cross). Vacationing with her was Carolinda Waters, Lady (Frederick) Butterfield's daughter, who made her London debut in 1939

Mrs. Henry Duys had been changing a wheel with the help of Mrs. Pierce Baldwin, noted ourswoman and horsewoman, who hunts with the Meadowbrook Hounds. They were both taking their advanced mechanics course as Motor Corps drivers - to - be at a Long Island garage

Mrs. George Appleton, of Syosset, Long Island, has passed all her tests in the three U.S. Motor Corps for Women courses: first aid, police, advanced mechanics. She and her husband have four children. Her sister, Mrs. Livingstone Fryer, was well known in the Paris-American colony before the war

Mother and Daughter

Photographs by Hay Wrightson



Lady Alexandra Buchanan

The Dowager Countess Cadogan, whose husband, the sixth Earl, died in 1933, is a daughter of Mr. George Stewart Coxon of Cheltenham. She married her second husband, Lieut.-Colonel Harold Everard Hambro, C.B.E., of Coldham Hall, Bury St. Edmund's, in March this year. Colonel Hambro is a son of the late Sir Everard Hambro, and is a director of Hambro's Bank. Lady Alexandra Buchanan is the younger daughter of the late Earl and the Dowager Countess Cadogan. Her marriage to Captain Robert G. Buchanan, K.O.S.B., took place in London in 1940. Her brother, Earl Cadogan, is a Lieutenant in the Coldstreams, and his wife was the Hon. Pamela Yarde-Buller, a sister of Lord Churston



The Dowager Countess Cadogan

“Ziegfeld Girl”

A Big New Musical at the Empire

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has assembled its most brilliant stars and the pick of Hollywood's beauty for the most lavish screen spectacle for many years. James Stewart, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, and Lana Turner are some of the big names appearing in *Ziegfeld Girl*, to be seen at the Empire this week. Veteran Director Robert Z. “Pop” Leonard directed the all-star cast, and put his troupe of glamour girls through the hoops as only he knows how. Nothing was spared to make a success of *Ziegfeld Girl*, which received enormous advance publicity in the U.S.A. Such items as 100 cockatoos, 1,000 yards of ostrich feather trimming, 40 dozen peacock tails, and hundreds of pounds of assorted jewels were used to make the dresses, the most fantastic and imaginative ever created by Adrian, the famous designer. George Stoll was responsible for the excellent musical numbers in the show, which was pronounced by Americans to be even better than *The Great Ziegfeld*

Furs, Jewels, Talent and Beauty in “Ziegfeld Girl”



Judy Garland, M.-G.-M.'s young singing star, made her stage debut at the age of three, with sisters Suzanne and Virginia. Later she talked her way into M.-G.-M. studios, and obtained a contract, since when she has never looked back



Fame affects Sheila Regan (Lana Turner) and Susan Gallacher (Judy Garland) differently. Sheila is unable to stand the pace, but Judy finds fulfilment in success



Lana Turner plays the Follies beauty who finds success too hard to bear. Silver stars were sewn on all chiffon dresses to conform with U.S.A. censorship concerning nudity, and close-ups taken of each girl, proving her to be fully clothed



Hedy Lamarr, as the most beautiful "Ziegfeld Girl," plays a dramatic role in the picture. Already well known on stage and screen in Europe, her spectacular rise to fame in Hollywood four years ago caused a sensation in the film world



Happiness for Sandra Kolter (Hedy Lamarr) lies with her musician husband Franz Kolter (Philip Dorn), for whom she gives up her career as Follies beauty



Disillusionment comes to Sheila Regan (Lana Turner), tragic Follies girl, who loses her lorry-driver sweetheart, Gilbert Young (James Stewart), and finally returns to obscurity

With Silent Friends

By Christopher St. John

"A Kind of Ruffian"

BOTH Edward Trelawny's famous books, *The Adventures of a Younger Son* and *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, were published, as Miss Margaret Armstrong reminds us in her biography, which has the distinction of being the first full-sized one (*Trelawny, a Man's Life*: Hale; 15s.), in times unfavourable to their success—the first in 1831 when England was on the brink of a bloody revolution, the second in 1858 when the Indian Mutiny was at its height. "Who," Miss Armstrong asks in reference to the flop of the *Recollections*, one of the best books of the kind ever written, "wanted to read about some half-forgotten revolution in Greece, when the siege of Lucknow was keeping every heart in sickening suspense?" It is possible that people then did not care to read at all. That had been Mrs. Shelley's pessimistic impression in 1858. And what about 1941, another period of sickening suspense? I hope my optimistic impression that many people care more for reading now than they did in the days before the war is justified, and that *Trelawny* will have the success it deserves.

"A kind of ruffian from birth." So the *Athenæum* reviewer of *The Adventures of a Younger Son* described the author. Far from the truth, Miss Armstrong thinks, yet her story of his long life does not prove that. There were undoubtedly some ruffianly

qualities in Trelawny's make-up. Violence, lawlessness, turbulence, brutality. But we have only to take a look at his self-portrait, dashed off in a fury in a letter to "Clare" (Byron's discarded mistress with whom Trelawny kept up a correspondence from 1822 to 1875, a proof of the fidelity of unrequited love) to see how these qualities were redeemed:—

"You have done me wrong. Proud, peevish, sullen, domineering, self-willed, unrelenting, and ascetic are all of them terms some action of my life would warrant, and therefore I must be content to bear with them; but hypocrisy, deceit, baseness, cowardice, or want of generosity, or heart—what action have you seen or heard of my committing that warrants your accusation that I am guilty of this baseness? How can you that know me accuse me of being a cold-blooded, selfish, heartless villain?"

Had Trelawny not been hopelessly infatuated with this foolish woman, he would hardly have bothered to vindicate his character to her. Miss Armstrong does well to point out that the infatuation considerably detracts from the value of his estimate of Byron. The story of the months he spent in Italy with Byron and Shelley has often been told before, but never, I think, as well as by Miss Armstrong. He regarded his friendship with Shelley as the greatest experience of his strange, eventful life, and

as such we see it in this complete record, "The captain jewel in the carcanet."

In his time he played many parts. The last, for which he had prayed he might never be cast, was that of an octogenarian. A robust and handsome one, however. Inquisitive people used to make pilgrimages to his cottage in a Sussex village, and peer at him, working in his garden, through the gate. To have seen a man who had known Byron was in the year 1881 something to write home about. He is still dimly remembered by the oldest inhabitants of Sompting. "A funny old fellow—he used to ring a bell to call the birds."

Life of a Scientist

IT is a high tribute to Mr. Leopold Infeld's autobiography, *Quest: The Evolution of a Scientist* (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), to say that it can hold its own with *Trelawny*. I hope no one will be put off it by that word "scientist," a terrifying word to people who have small mathematics and less physics, and would be floored if they were asked to give a definition of relativity. True, Mr. Infeld devotes a good deal of space to his scientific work in the field of theoretical physics, and, when describing that, is forced to use terms incomprehensible to the scientifically uneducated. (It is only fair to add that, compassionate to their ignorance, he strives to explain in simple, colloquial language what these terms stand for.)

But he devotes more space to his childhood in Poland, to his struggle to overcome the obstacles anti-Semitic prejudice put in the way of his education, and later barred him from the chair of physics in a Polish university which he was so well qualified to occupy; to the tragedy of his marriage to a woman who, for the seven years they were together, was the victim of one mysterious nervous disease after another; to his experiences at

(Concluded on page 346)



"L'Enfant Prodigé": the Famous Mime Play at the Mercury Theatre

The Mercury Theatre, which Ashley Dukes directs, has been showing the famous *Pierrot-and-Pierrette* mime play in a new production with a nineteenth-century French setting. Archie Harradine plays the Father, Eunice Rogers plays the Mother, and Alan Badel plays the Son. Alan Badel, who is half-French, half-English, won the last Bancroft Gold Medal at the R.A.D.A., which he has only just left. The clever production and design are by Alice Fisk, and André Wormser's music is played by Marjorie Reed

Yvonne Owen is Phrynette and Bobby Riatti is the Baron for whom the heartless little coquette forsakes her young lover (the Son). Miss Owen is another talented young product of the R.A.D.A. where she won the Silver Medal and the Mrs. Temperley Prize last winter. "The Prodigal Son" goes on a C.E.M.A. tour when it leaves the Mercury

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb At Home

This year Sidney Webb is eighty-two and his wife is eighty-three. For more than fifty years they have devoted themselves to social, industrial, economic and political investigation, and to the authorship, first separately, and since 1894 (when their first joint book, *The History of Trade Unionism*, was published) in collaboration, of a body of work—a score of monumental volumes—unsurpassed in the history of social reform in range, authority, profoundness and humanity. The story of their work for Socialism and social reform is the story of their life. Of her own early days Mrs. Webb has given a fascinating account in *My Apprenticeship*, published as a Penguin in 1938. It was through her work as a social investigator that in 1890 she met her future husband, then an extremely active member of the Fabian Society. In 1892 they married. Their partnership since then Mrs. Webb has called “a working comradeship founded in a common faith and made perfect by marriage; perhaps the most exquisite, certainly the most enduring, of all the varieties of happiness”

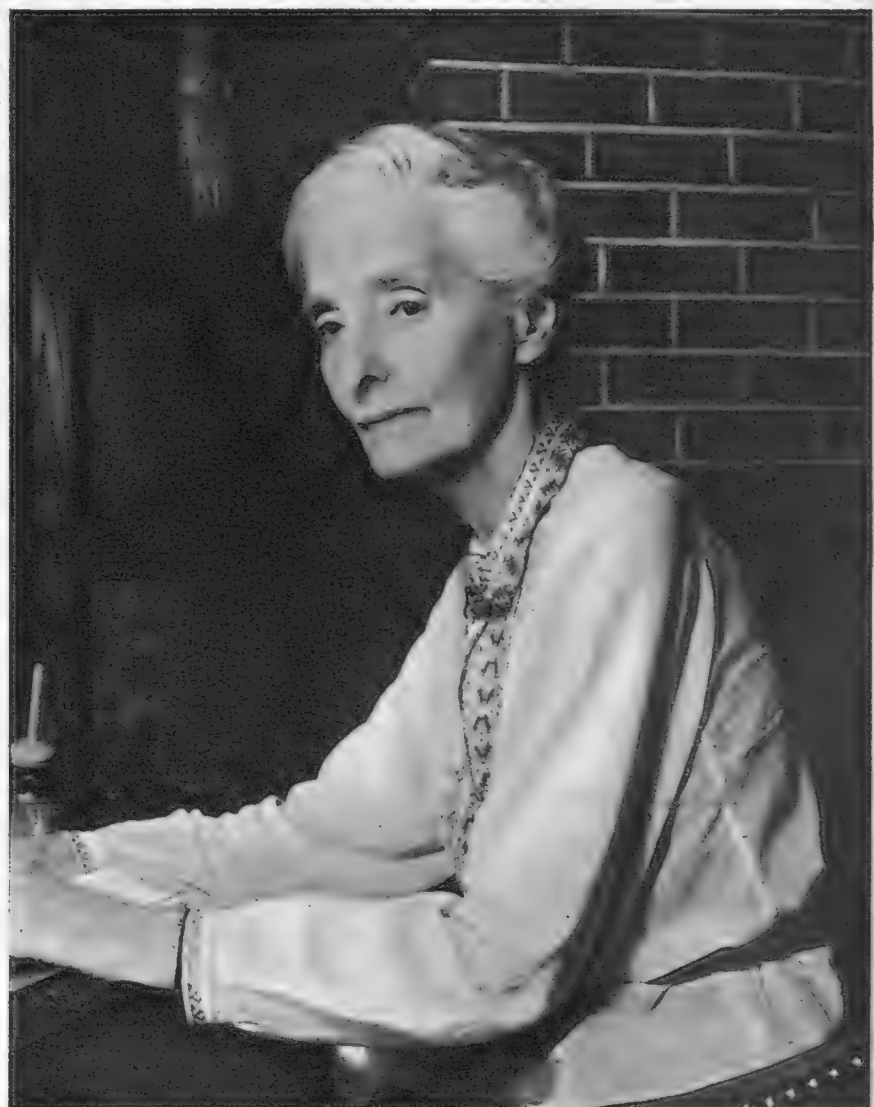
Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



When this photograph was taken at Passfield Corner, their Hampshire home, the Webbs were correcting proofs of the third edition of their great work on Russia, “*Soviet Communism*,” which comes out this month



Sidney James Webb, first Baron Passfield, whom his wife has described as “the little figure with the big head who was to become the man of my destiny, the source of unhopd-for happiness”



Beatrice Webb, of whom Bernard Shaw said, “In the main mass of her work she is inseparable from the firm of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. . . . The collaboration is so perfect that her part in it is inextricable”

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

Cambridge, where to his surprise the fact that he was a Jew did not seem to anyone of the slightest importance: to the years he worked in collaboration with Einstein at Princeton. His portrait of Einstein is not the only one which shows that he has made mankind his study as well as gravitational waves, but the majesty of its subject gives it the first place.

"I learned much from Einstein in the realm of physics. But what I value most is what I was taught by my contact with him in the human, rather than in the scientific domain. Einstein is the kindest, the most understanding and helpful man in the world."

Yet in another passage Infeld writes: "Einstein may speak about politics, listen kindly to requests, and answer questions properly, but one feels behind this external activity the calm, watchful contemplation of scientific problems. The mechanism of his brain works without interruption. It is a constant motion that nothing can stop."

I agree with Mr. Gollancz that this is "a book of absorbing interest."

Two Novels

How does fiction fare in a time of "sicken- ing suspense"? One friend tells me that she has lost her taste for novels. "I can't feel interested in an imaginary world with so much going on in the real world. I would put down any novel to listen to Alvar Liddell reading the news." Another, obviously an escapist, is of the opinion that the war "is too much with us late and soon." She reads novels, primarily, to get away

from it. "But I don't read tripe. Any novel won't do, believe me." Well, here are two novels for my friend, and other fastidious readers of fiction. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee that they are not "tripe." The first is *Sapphira and the Slavegirl*, by Willa Cather (Knopf: 8s. 6d.); the second, *No-one Now Will Know*, by E. M. Delafield (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.).

Miss Cather in her grave, beautiful style, measuring every word to its duty, tells a story of almost Scriptural simplicity. The period is 1856. Sapphira Colbert, a slave-owner, is four years older than her husband—and hates it. She has dropsical feet, and hates that too, as before they compelled her to take to a wheel-chair, she had been a very active woman, managing her farm as zealously as her husband his mill.

How well the story begins. That conversation at the breakfast-table grips the attention at once. What is behind those brief words husband and wife exchange? "I see through all this, see to the bottom." That was what was behind the look Henry gave Sapphira when she announced her intention of selling Nancy, the loveliest of her slave-girls, pale gold, not black. So she knew, did she, that his affection for Nancy, appointed to wait on him at the Mill House, was ripening into love? Sapphira's persecution of Nancy is a terrible thing to read about. She goes so far as to plot her seduction, with diabolical subtlety, by Henry's rascally nephew. But Nancy has a good friend in Sapphira's married daughter, Mrs. Blake, and she contrives her escape to Canada. "Mrs. Blake knew how her mother hated to be overreached or outwitted, and was sorry to have brought another humiliation to one who had already lost so much, her activity on horse and foot, her fine figure and rosy complexion." That is a characteristic Cather touch; that even bad people are not as bad as we suppose is one of the lessons of *Sapphira*. Miss Cather has never done anything better.

Family Tragedy

MISS DELAFIELD is not quite at home on the Wuthering heights of violent passions she most unexpectedly scales in the third part of *No-one Now Will Know*. It deals with a tragic episode in the history of the Lemprière family, which Miss Delafield relates topsy-turvy in the modern fashion, beginning it in 1939, and ending it in 1890. (I have yet to be convinced that this is the best method of showing the connection between the present and the past.) Lucien Lemprière, known as "Lucy," a name which makes his descendants scream with laughter in 1939, discovers after his marriage to Rosalie Meredith ("by nature the ideal courtesan") that his brother is in love with her, and she with him. "Nobody can help these things happening," Fred Lemprière tells Lucien, and that seems



A Christening in Shropshire

Major and Mrs. Charles F. V. Bagot were photographed with their baby son, Richard Charles Villiers Bagot, after the latter's christening at Stanton Lacy, Salop. Major Bagot is in the Essex Regiment, and is a cousin of a former Vicar of Stanton Lacy. Mrs. Bagot was Miss Lucy Marriott before her wedding in June, 1939.

to be Miss Delafield's opinion. She is remarkably indulgent to Rosalie's infidelity. The problems arising from it are solved by her death in a carriage accident for which Lucien rightly blamed himself.

From that time, his one desire was to cut himself off from everything connected with her. Leaving his child to be brought up by his mother and sister, he left his home for good. We hear of his death in Part II. There we are shown what mark these events left on the child, an infant at the time they took place.

Miss Delafield always writes about children with rare insight, and it is in the story of Callie that she is at her best in this book. Callie's Devonshire environment is described with such a wealth of minute detail that there are times when one feels one is reading an inventory.

"It was a very large room, and appeared even larger owing to the number of enormous mirrors, framed in gilt moulding that hung on the walls almost from ceiling to floor. They reflected red brocade chairs, sofas and ottomans, oil-paintings of horses and one or two still-life studies, a shining grand piano in a mahogany casing, rotund white lamps in Dresden china, crimson figured-brocade curtains, a vast number of portfolios, spilling prints from either end, bowls of autumn roses, and gold, tortoiseshell, silver, glass and ormolu ornaments, jostling one another on circular tables, marquetry marble-topped and mother-o'-pearl inlaid."

The room contained much more than that, but I should have to quote three pages to make the inventory complete. Admiring the general accuracy of Miss Delafield's descriptions, I was all the more surprised at coming across a reference to the "velvety pile" of an Aubusson carpet.



A Christening in Dumfriesshire

Patrick Andrew Wentworth Hope-Johnstone is the son of Captain and Mrs. Percy Hope-Johnstone. He was christened recently at Raehills, the Dumfriesshire home of his grandfather, Mr. E. W. Hope-Johnstone of Annandale. In this photograph, taken after the ceremony, are Mrs. Hope-Johnstone with her son and her son's grandparents, Mr. E. W. Hope-Johnstone and Mr. and Mrs. Hunter-Arundell.

Red Cross Tennis at Aldershot



Jean Nicoll wore a "victory dress" of her own design, decorated with crossed flags, and with V's all round the hem

The Assistant Provost Marshal, Captain Crawley, and his wife and their son Michael sat on top of a dug-out to watch the tennis (right)



Tickets were sold out before play began in the matches at the Officers' Club at Aldershot in aid of the Red Cross Fund, for which a dozen first-class players came down. A nearby dug-out was discovered to be an excellent overflow stand. Colonel Morrell, secretary of the Club, was in charge, and had a former Davis Cup player, Gerald Sherwell, now a captain in the R.A.S.C., to help him



Secretary of the Officers' Club at Aldershot, where the matches were played, is Colonel J. F. B. Morrell, D.S.O., M.V.O. He is with Mrs. Anson Prescott-Roberts, president of the Aldershot Red Cross, and her husband, Lieut.-Colonel P. Anson Prescott-Roberts, O.B.E., R.A.S.C.



Programme-seller Miss Barbara Williamson, a V.A.D. at Aldershot Hospital, had two Canadian clients, H. G. MacKenzie, of a Quebec Regiment, and W. N. Hurst, of an Eastern Ontario Regiment



Junior Champion of Great Britain in 1933 was Mrs. Nancy Macpherson-Grant, now the wife of a barrister who is serving with the Gunners in the Middle East. Above she is with her mother, Mrs. Dickinson, and Captain Duncan Macaulay, well known in peacetime as a tennis referee

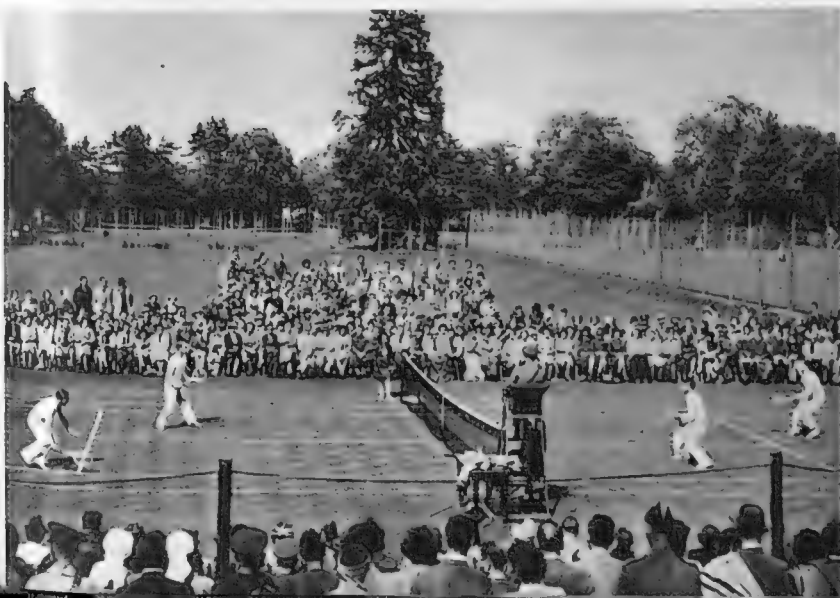


An International tennis player and ex-Oxford Blue, Captain R. K. Tinkler, R.A., has now got a staff job. With him here at the Aldershot tournament is his wife. They have a baby son called Bill

Fastest match of the afternoon was the men's doubles in which Captain P. F. Glover, R.N., ex-Navy champion (right) and Henry Billington beat Nigel Sharpe and Tom Anderson, R.A., by 8-6, 10-8 (on the left)

The best chair on the Club verandah was occupied by the players in their turn. On the right Mme. Simone Mathieu has it. Standing are Tom Anderson, R.A., a Durham County player, and Captain Shard, who umpired several matches

*Photographs by
D. R. Stuart, Oxford*



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Leger

DESPITE the fact that the enemy has named September 1st as the day upon which he intends to conquer Great Britain and crown The Misleader in, presumably, Westminster Abbey, we still intend to run the Leger next Saturday, September 6th, and this, as I suggest, is a very good sign, because it shows not complacency, but that we are upon a very even keel. That is a thing of very great moment, and is quite unconnected with any consideration as to whether racing and any other forms of amusement should be continued.

Unhappily, owing to the exigencies of illustrated weekly journalism, anything here set down has to be so before Owen Tudor has his winding-up gallop in the St. Simon Stakes (1½ miles) at Newmarket on Saturday, August 30th, and this naturally cramps prognostication, but in spite of the tendency to field against him at a recent call over of the card for the Leger, and a strong trend to depose him in favour of Mr. R. C. Dawson's nice colt Mazarin, a thing which may now have taken place, I still consider that Owen Tudor is the form horse.

Mazarin's (8-11) win at the Salisbury meeting in the 1 mile 6 furlongs Trial Stakes, beating Devonian (7-13) handsomely by three lengths (9 lb.), completely franks this colt's 1½-mile form in the Andover Plate at Newbury August 8th. Another thing: it puts Devonian exactly where the Derby form says that he ought to be, and another,

it compels us to think again of Chateau Larose, who must have beaten Mazarin at Newbury, but for that very late run. Mazarin's Leger Trial at Salisbury (August 23rd) must be taken seriously, whatever we think of Devonian and Bakhtawar (7-13), who was a neck behind him. Orthodox (9-0) won over 1½ miles on the same day at Thirsk, in not quite such convincing style as did Mazarin, but sufficiently well to give us an assurance that he is in good heart.

On the present disclosed facts, we are bound to work it out that the four upon which we have to keep our eyes are Owen Tudor, Chateau Larose, Mazarin and Orthodox. I think it is fair to say that the form is now definitely more stabilised than it was when the Derby was on the tapis.

"Illustrious"

THE appointment of Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, D.S.O., to the command of the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Illustrious* is not merely a source of much gratification to his many friends, but an appointment upon which one feels that the Navy is to be felicitated. Though Lord Louis has put in most of his sea war service in destroyers, the Naval Air Arm is a branch in which he has always been very closely concerned. He was in the Naval Air Division at the Admiralty for some time before the present war, and before he was given command of the 5th Destroyer Flotilla, of which that very gallant ship, H.M.S. *Kelly*, was the leader in all its adventures.



Poole, Dublin

Racing at Baldoyle, Dublin

Flight-Lieut. Nesbit Waddington, formerly stud manager to the Aga Khan and now in the R.A.F., took his wife to Baldoyle races. Mrs. Waddington, a descendant of Admiral Lord Collingwood of Trafalgar fame, was Miss Sidney Montgomery, of Beaulieu, Co. Louth

The ship's record is something of an epic in naval history. Her hairbreadth escape from destruction in May, 1940, in Heligoland Bight, when she was practically cut in half by a torpedo, only her superstructure amidships holding her together for those hectic ninety-one hours under constant attack, during which she continued to fight her guns, before she was towed back to port, was her second war wound. She had been damaged before that.

In H.M.S. *Kelly*'s case it was not "third time lucky," for she was finally sunk, with some of her consorts, in that fierce fight in the Eastern Mediterranean, when our fleet had to take on a heavy enemy air onslaught without adequate counter-air protection. H.M.S. *Kelly* went down fighting, lost many officers and men, and the survivors, including, naturally, her captain, had to swim for it.

During the time H.M.S. *Kelly* was in dock after her Heligoland Bight fight, Lord Louis Mountbatten transferred to H.M.S. *Javelin*, and in this ship he was responsible for bringing her and the rest of the flotilla out of action, *Javelin* being in practically as badly wounded a condition as was *Kelly* in that previous action. So that when I have ventured to say that I believe H.M.S. *Illustrious* to be peculiarly lucky in her new captain, there is a good deal of warranty.

Incidentally, H.M.S. *Kelly* was one of the first of the rescue ships on the scene when H.M.S. *Courageous*, the aircraft-carrier, was in a sinking condition, and took off many of her crew.

Polo, a Fine Discipline

AKBAR THE GREAT knew what he was talking about when he said that polo was a very fine discipline for warfare, because it not only taught his officers the value of quick thought and action, but



A Cheerful Group at Oflag IV.C

Some twenty British officers are prisoners of war at Oflag IV.C, near Leihisz, where there are also a large number of Polish and French captives. In the picture are members of Company E, whose popular chief is Colonel Guy German, of the Leicestershire Regiment. Back row: Lieut. Geoffrey Wardle, R.N., Padre Heard, Dean of Peterhouse, Captain John Davis, Captain Rupert Barry, Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, Flying Officer Keith Milne, Pilot Officer "Hank" Wardle, Captain Harry Elliott, Irish Guards, Lieut. John Hyde-Thomson; (front row) Lieut. Peter Pugh, Royal West Kent Regiment; Captain Dick Howe, Royal Tank Regiment, Lieut. H. E. (Teddy) Barton, R.A.S.C.



Poole, Dublin

Paddock Conversation

The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, wife of the Irish trainer, and Lieut.-Colonel Giles ("Lucky") Loder, watched the racing at Dublin's seaside racecourse. Mrs. Wellesley's father, the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, introduced the famous Roi Herode strain into British bloodstock

engendered that team spirit which is the mainspring of success in operations of war.

At first sight there may not seem to be any connection at all between organising a naval polo team and leading it in action and doing the same thing with a destroyer flotilla; but I am going to suggest that there is, and that Lord Louis Mountbatten's very gallant exploits in these desperate actions at sea had a prototype in the way in which he built up that Royal Naval polo team which we saw in 1930, 1931 and 1936—same team all the time, in spite of its units being at various moments scattered to the four winds, and serving in different ships. That took a bit of organisation.

In 1936 the R.N. must have won the Inter-Regimental but for that accident to their No. 1, the then Lieut.-Commander E. G. Heywood-Lonsdale, who, though he broke a bone in his leg in the bad fall, carried on. It was then a case of three men playing four, and the 12th Lancers won 6 to 4. In the fifth chukker, the Navy led 4 to 1, and had absolute command of the situation. The same fine discipline and dogged courage were in evidence at Hurlingham that day as infected the officers and crew of H.M.S. Kelly at Heligoland and H.M.S. Javelin on that subsequent and equally gallant occasion.

A Rifleman Retires

It is not only in the R.B. that it will be regretted that the inexorable effluxion of time has caused the retirement of an officer known best to every Rifleman, and to so many who are not, as "Johnnie." Colonel J. P. G. Crosbie has completed forty years' service, thirty-two of it in the Rifle Brigade, whose first battalion he commanded in India from December, 1929, to October, 1931; and his going will leave a lasting trail of regret amongst his brother

officers. It was this battalion which was amongst the troops who died at Calais to allow the rest of our Army to get away from Dunkirk in June, 1940.

"Johnnie" Crosbie has had a grand record of soldiering and an amusing one of sport. The former, shortly summarised, reads like this: South Africa; France and Flanders; Gallipoli, where he got one through the leg, also a D.S.O. and a mention; Salonika; then France again; the expedition to Chanak after the war, and in this present one a command the exact nature of which cannot be specified.

In the other activity, fox-hunting has borne a big part, and included in his adventures was that great hunt the Belvoir had from Clawson Thorns on January 9th, 1926—a distance as bounds ran roughly thirty miles, point fourteen miles; and I can personally testify that he was as tired as the next man that evening when we got back to Woolthorpe.

Part of the gallop was super-good, especially the Red Mile to Muston Gorse bit. The present Duke of Windsor, his Majesty the King (then Duke of York) and the Duke of Gloucester were out, and saw the best of it.

Other packs in Essex and Oxfordshire (Bicester, Heythrop, etc.) are also included in "Johnnie" Crosbie's adventures, and in 1927 he won the prize, greatly coveted by everyone in the R.B., the Connaught Cup, on his own horse Evangeline. When his battalion was at Quetta, he played polo for it, and also managed to break his collarbone in a point-to-point; this little disaster being followed later on by a broken leg, which he collected when riding in the Rifle Brigade Point-to-Point in 1926, in the Duke of Connaught's Cup.

As to "Johnnie's" personal qualities, his very ready wit and charm, I feel that it is unnecessary to speak to anyone who has the luck to be a friend, and I have yet to meet the man who knows him who is not one.



Keeping the Game Alive—By "The Tout"

Some of racing's most staunch supporters include J. V. Rank, owner of Orthodox and Black Speck, and A. F. Basset, who owns Hyacinthus, Mr. Sawyer and others, and trains with "Aly" Persse. Though Colonel Harold Wernher has now few horses in training, he will be remembered for all time in connection with the exploits of Brown Jack and Steve Donoghue in the Alexandra Stakes at Ascot. "The Tout" sketched them at Newbury. Baron de Montalbo is a very well-known figure on the July course at Newmarket, and at Park Paddocks on sale days. Sir Alan Gordon-Smith, a Park Lodge patron, has yet to own a better one than Fearless Fox. A. E. Allnatt is one of racing's newest owners; A. M. Allfrey was sketched talking to Kenny Robertson

Getting Married (Continued)



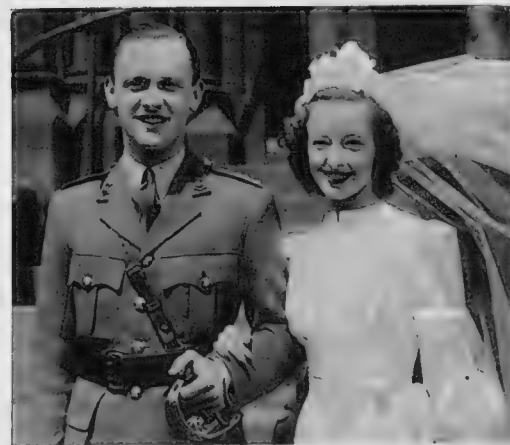
Berval — Reynolds

Lieut. Gilles Berval, Forces Navales Françaises Libres, and Noreen Reynolds, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Reynolds, of Carrick-on-Shannon, Co. Roscommon, were married at Caxton Hall register office. Lieut. Berval is a naval constructor on Admiral Muselier's staff



Hoyle — O'Kelly

Lieut.-Com. Michael V. Hoyle, R.N. (ret.), Nigerian Administrative Service (Travellers' Club, Pall Mall), and Claire Patricia O'Kelly, daughter of the late L. O'Kelly, and Mrs. O'Kelly, of Dublin and N.Y., were married at Westminster Cathedral. He is the son of the Rev. J. F. Hoyle, of Montreux, and the late Mrs. Hoyle



Wylie — Lamberton

Lieut. M. J. Graham Wylie, R.A., elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Wylie, of 30, Dalziel Drive, Glasgow, and Rockingham, Kilcraggan, Dumbartonshire, and Elspeth Hutton Lamberton, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neil C. Lamberton, of Lincombe Hale, Cheshire, were married at Pollokshields, Glasgow



Perren — Bundy

Lieut. John Lionel Perren, R.N.V.R., and Doris Bundy were married at St. Peter's, Great Windmill Street. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney H. Perren, of Sunnyside, Northwood, Middlesex. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Bundy, of Trevethan, Northwood



Bolton — Mitchell

Major Reginald Bolton, M.R.C.P., now serving on a hospital ship, and Dot Mitchell, Q.A.I.M.N.S., daughter of Flt.-Lieut. and Mrs. Duncan Mitchell, of Ifley, Oxon, were married in Alexandria. He is the elder son of Professor and Mrs. Joseph Shaw Bolton, of Merevale, Beaconsfield, Bucks.



MacDougall — Luget

Lieut. M. F. C. MacDougall, Royal Canadian Engineers, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. MacDougall, of Blind River, Ontario, and Faith Follett Luget, daughter of the late F. B. Luget, and Mrs. R. C. Chirley, of Petersfield Farm, Beare Green, Surrey, were married at All Saints', Ascot



Marchand — Rose-Innes

Captain Rex M. V. Marchand, the Buffs, and Rosita Rose-Innes were married at St. Mary Magdalene, Mortlake. He is the son of Captain and Mrs. Victor Marchand, of Pinehurst, Ascot, Berks., and she is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Rose-Innes, of 3, Newport Road, S.W.13



Ritchie — Burney

Major George Lee Ritchie, R.A.M.C., eldest son of Surgeon-Com. G. L. Ritchie, R.N., and Mrs. Ritchie, of Fonthill Terrace, Aberdeen, and Doreen Violet Steardon Burney, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. H. S. Burney, of 19, Married Officers' Quarters, Warminster Barracks, were married at the Minster Church, Warminster



Burr — Mitchell

Sec.-Lieut. Harold Walter Buchanan Burr, R.A., only son of W. Buchanan Burr, of Milber, Gerard Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and the late Mrs. Burr, and Gabrielle Eleanor Mitchell, Assistant Section Officer, W.A.A.F., daughter of Mrs. W. Morrison, of the Willows, Elmfield Road, Gosforth, Northumberland, were married at All Saints, Gosforth

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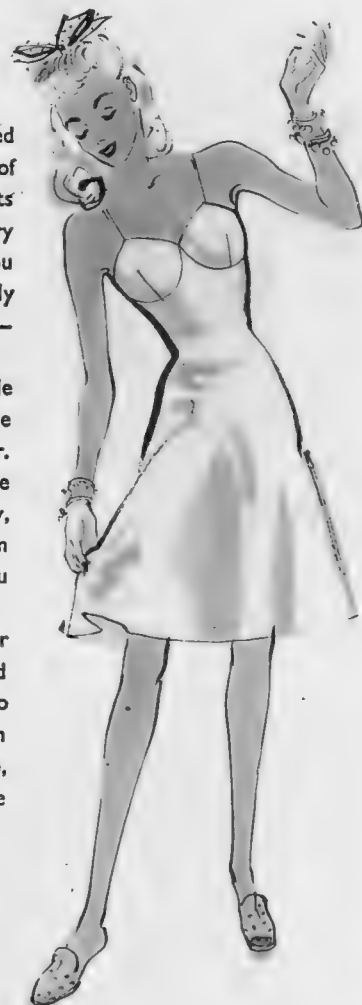
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Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Photogenesis

PASSPORT holders refuse to believe that the camera can do anything else but lie. They reject the police and Foreign Office view that the mournful and monotonous thugs and cut-throats who look out (full face and without hat) from the pages of their passports bear any resemblance to their elegant selves.

In fact, untouched physiognomical photographs are failures—whether ready in ten minutes or ten weeks, whether costing five shillings or five guineas, with or without dicky-bird. But now we have been introduced to a new and successful form of untouched photograph. It is the red-hot, active-service shot; the combat close up; the action picture taken actually in action; when things are happening and men are at work.

Those pictures of Blenheims over Cologne which were issued by the Air Ministry three or four weeks ago were an instructive insight into war flying and among the most dramatic pictures I have seen. They were taken when the Blenheims were doing their piece of chimney-dodging over the big German power stations.

They showed—as it were—a close-up of the enemy's innards, full face and without hat. They were taken from so low that people on the ground could be distinguished.

I had seen nothing like them before and, until I got the amazing Stirling set, I had seen nothing like them since.

Archie

THE Stirling set are the first pictures I have seen which make it possible, at any rate, for those with experience of it, to recapture the abdominal earthquake sensation which a pilot feels when he sees and hears a really close burst of anti-aircraft fire.

Surrounded by the jet black punches of the enemy anti-aircraft shells, the Stirling plunges along, looking even bigger and an even easier mark than it is—a vast flying railway coach surrounded by murder.

How the pictures were got I do not know, although I have some idea of the apparatus used for the Blenheim pictures. It seems almost inconceivable that a member of the crew, when shells were bursting within a few feet of him, should focus his camera and take pictures. Yet that appears to have been the way these photographs were obtained.

They put the best that the Germans have done—and the German propaganda corps is good at this kind of thing because its uniformed branch actually goes into action with the troops—completely into the shade.

Nor must we forget that this war uses words as swords and that propaganda, instead of being merely an accessory, is a vital and extremely powerful unit of the fighting forces. So such pictures are of great value and the risks taken to get them are worth while.

But the pictures do make one reflect on the astonishing nature of modern war. It

is almost as if a boxer were to pause in the midst of a round and do a lightning sketch of his opponent's features. One can almost visualise the time when the rear turret gunner of a bomber, temporarily abandoning his guns for a camera as a Messerschmitt swoops to the attack streaming fire and lead, will roar out: "Hold it!"

Then following in the footsteps of the professional Press photographer as I have known him, he will assuredly ask the German pilot to do it all over again.

Bombs Up

INCIDENTALLY there was some uncertainty among the newspapers about which way up one of the pictures taken by the Blenheim should go. The reason was that it showed bombs travelling forward almost horizontally, the photograph being taken in a downwards direction.

The effect was that the bombs were climbing up the picture and this was too much for at least one art editor who turned the picture upside down.

Fortunately art editors now appreciate the importance of not touching-up pictures showing incidents on active service. It is inevitable that such pictures should be photographically below the standards set in other kinds of photography. But there can never be justification for making the smallest alteration either to the negatives or prints.

Dicing and D.F.C.'s

THAT there is an element of luck in the earning of decorations all those who have earned them would admit. But is it more marked with the bomber crews or with the fighter crews?

To get a decoration the bomber man has to go out many times, for the chances of some remarkable incident occurring are remote and in order to prove his worth he has rather to show staying-power, thoroughness and trustworthiness than brilliant, momentary inspiration.

With the fighter pilot there is a period, at the start, when luck is predominant. Then there is a period when skill overrides other things and the man has learnt so much about it that he can protect himself against normal odds. Finally there is the period when luck again becomes dominant when the number of sorties mounts to a very large figure.

With the bomber crew groping through the night, it is less for the man to save himself and his aircraft than for the fates to be friendly. There is, as we must recognise, a piece of luck in every Distinguished Flying Cross. But we must also recognise that the men who have accepted the arbitrament of chance on several occasions deserve their decorations.

And that is where I want to make a special point. It is true that a bomber crew may make many trips over Germany, do their jobs well, and come back unscathed. They have had a measure of luck. But they have also accepted that arbitrament of luck and so, I think, they deserve some recognition.

I have said it before and I say it again: every bomber crew that completes a specific number of hours operational flying or a specific number of sorties, should receive some kind of decoration or other recognition. That is fair. Above all now, we must not fail to give those bomber crews their credit.

To my mind every man who took part in that low-flying Cologne raid, for instance, deserved a mention in despatches or a favourable note in his records. And the sloggers above all people should have their due.



D. R. Stuart

The Headquarters Staff of an R.A.F. Station—Somewhere in England

(Back row, l. to r.) F.O.'s P. H. Faure, R. Henderson, D. A. R. Elliott, P.O.'s R. J. Lloyd-Jones, R. S. Wilson, Captain Whitaker, F.O. E. Page; (second row) F.O. C. W. Holden, P.O.'s A. C. Dollamore, C. W. Parkins, Q. Garden, B. H. Gallatley, E. A. Swain, C. J. Harper; (third row) P.O. H. W. Prescott, F.O.'s G. D. Pidgeon, H. Cranston, P.O. E. W. Applebee, D.F.M., F.O. H. Parkinson, P.O. L. Parsons, Flt.-Lieut. R. Langebear; (fourth row) Rev. Glyn-Lewis, Flt.-Lieuts. F. A. G. Lascelles, D.F.C., R. F. Durrant, D.F.C., A.S.-O.'s J. Foster, S. O. R. P. Watson, S.O. R. Y. L. Smith, A.S.-O. P. G. Cragg, P.O. H. E. Horsfield, Sq.-Ldr. G. I. Fry; (front row) Sq.-Ldr. F. G. B. Reynolds, Wing-Com. M. E. M. Perkins, the Station Commander, Sq.-Ldrs. K. R. Slater, E. S. Bullen

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE



Simple Frocks for the Bride and Bridesmaid

No one can fail to be delighted with Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, new creations for formal and informal weddings. They are particularly simple and flattering. The model on this page is destined to be included in the trousseau. Above, the dress has been robbed of the coat. It is of the new gladioli fabric which is endowed with unique draping possibilities and wears extremely well. The lace with which it is trimmed is decidedly new and reminiscent of the old macrame work in which wheels occupy a prominent position. The hat is trimmed with white gardenias to harmonise with the flowers at the waist. The bolero seen in the lower picture is faced with white piqué



Velvet Trims Autumn Suits

Ideal for Autumn wear is the suit above from Bradleys, Chepstow Place. It is simple, slimming, and is carried out in flecked rust tweed. As will be seen, the coat is rather longer than those that have been in vogue during recent months. Velvet of a darker shade is used to emphasise the collar and pockets. Then it must be mentioned it can be copied in many materials. As usual at this season of the year, this firm have assembled in their salons an interesting collection of classic tailor-mades in check and plain tweeds, some with contrasting coats; they are well worth a visit to view



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'Celaneese'



Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

"How's business, Sam?" a negro asked a friend.

"Lawdy, man, business am sho' good. Ah's bought a mule fo' ten dollars, swapped it fo' a bicycle, swapped dat fo' a mangle, swapped de mangle fo' a bedstead, an' Ah sold de bedstead fo' ten dollars."

"But," protested the friend, "yo' ain't made nothin' on the turnover."

"No, dat's right," admitted Sam, "but look at de business Ah's done!"

THE inspector on his nightly rounds, came to a rather off-the-map post in the early hours of the morning, and found an elderly part-time "special" standing quite happily in inches of mud with the rain pouring down on him.

Feeling the man needed a little encouragement for his devotion to duty, the inspector said:

"It's a pretty filthy night for you to be on duty here."

"It's the best job I've ever had in my life!" replied the "special" enthusiastically.

The inspector looked surprised.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Well, it's like this," replied the other. "I haven't had a night out for twenty years or more. Now I'm out here for four hours one night a week—but my wife thinks I'm on duty every night!"

A PARTY of actors travelling by train were indulging in personal reminiscences.

One stated that he had recently dreamt that he went to Heaven. When he arrived he was informed that everything there was magnified to a wonderful extent. A minute became a million years and a penny a million pounds. The latter fact impressed him particularly, so, advancing to St. Peter, he said:

"Will you lend me a penny, please?"

"Certainly," St. Peter answered. "Just a minute."

A GROUP of parachutists were receiving their final instructions before going up.

"Now remember," said the instructor, "what you have to do. When your turn comes, jump through the hole, count ten, pull the rip-cord. If the parachute doesn't open, count ten again and pull the rip-cord again. When you reach land, you'll find motor cycles waiting, Bren guns and equipment."

Up they went in the plane. Number Five's turn came. He dived through, counted ten and pulled the cord. Nothing happened, so he counted ten a second time and pulled the cord again. Still nothing happened.

"Just like the Army!" he muttered. "No organisation. When I get down I suppose I'll find no equipment or anything."

"LIGHTS out" had sounded, and the orderly sergeant was making his rounds. Switching on his torch, he saw some kit and uniform lying on the floor and roared out:

"Who didn't fold up his clothes when he went to bed?"

From beneath the blankets came a muffled voice:

"Adam."

THE workman had placed a ladder against the clock tower and was about to clean the face. An old lady was passing and stopped.

"Ah," she said, "are you going to do something to that clock?"

"Oh, no, lady," replied the man. "I'm just a bit short-sighted, that's all."

THE lady of the house was interviewing a new cook, a hefty and forbidding-looking woman.

"Did you ever have trouble with your last mistress?" asked the prospective mistress.

"No, mum, never," replied the cook, with a contemptuous sniff. "She 'adn't the pluck of a louse."

FOR months he had been her devoted admirer. Now, at long last, he had collected up sufficient courage to ask her the most momentous of all questions.

"There are quite a lot of advantages in being a bachelor," he began, "but there comes a time when one longs for the companionship of another being—a being who will regard one as perfect, as an idol whom one can treat as one's absolute property; who will be kind and faithful when times are hard; who will share one's joys and sorrows—"

To his delight he saw a sympathetic gleam in her eyes. Then she nodded in agreement.

"So you're thinking of buying a dog?" she said. "I think it's a marvellous idea. Do let me help you choose one!"



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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

THIS is going to be a pure and simple gossip. After all, what is the use of a friend, who goes all in amongst the golfers for her holiday and comes back as cram-full of news as Monsieur Le Beau, if not to pass it on to a hungry scribe, who may in turn retail it to the world at large. If this is any form of black market, let me at least dispose of the goods quickly. It is, perhaps, just as well that nobody needs a licence for this sort of traffic, because if there is one thing more than another that everybody in this wide world loves it is having a story to tell, and someone to listen to it. Who does not know the plaint in the large family: "Oh, do let me tell!" and most of us never grow out of the habit, whether what we want to tell is real news, good news, or sheer gossip. Some folk even love to tell bad news, but that is a perverted taste, which need not be discussed now.

To return to the bulletin. It was all very well for the mere Press to talk about Leonard Crawley in a distinguished cricketing side; far more important is it to know that this most brilliant hitter of all balls is stationed within reach of St. Andrews now. Rumour, who may not be such a very lying jade in this instance, credits him with spending all his leave hours on the old course, and with making a habit of getting round in the sacrilegious sixties.

If that be so, and if the drumming times of war should endow him with a sterner temperament, then his fellow-amateurs may well say that it will be waste of time for them to compete in the next Amateur at St. Andrews. Even the Open there will not be safe from him at that rate.

GOLF does not seem to come so much into the picture farther south where our John Morrison (THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER must still be a little

possessive and dispense with the Air Force titles) continues to be the most popular of instructors, "Critch" the perfect host, with John Beck to complete the formidable trio. Tennis, so long as the weather lasted, was more to taste; Mrs. Morrison is by no means to be despised on the courts, nor Mrs. Critchley either, with that easy style, ridiculously reminiscent of how she hits the golf ball, which is quite disarming in its apparent simplicity. As at golf, she lures hapless opponents into a false belief that she really is not trying—until they discover that, however hard they may try, is not good enough to beat her. It is credibly reported that the tennis is of the merriest, and so is the swimming.

Mrs. Beck has been there as well, but the two little boys are in Eire, and she is on her way back there, where she finds her hands quite sufficiently full teaching the young idea how to do and know all sorts of things, and restraining it from the others.

NEXT item of gossip comes from A.S.O. Enid Wilson, W.A.A.F., who is back on duty, with two perfectly good eyes, and making light of what she went through. Stitches round the eye apparently were nothing accounted of, nor little items such as fielding a plate-glass window with her head. It sounds to have been a pretty miraculous escape, of which every golfer will be extraordinarily glad to hear.

If only more of the southerners had known she was in hospital at Uxbridge, what a succession of visitors would have rolled up to see her. As it was, her being there happened to coincide with Mrs. Guedalla's leave from Edinburgh, where she is driving; Denham, where Miss Cecil Leitch's work keeps her, is, of course, next door neighbour to Uxbridge, and so Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Wilson were able to have a real good gossip. Did they recall the very historic final of the English Championship of 1927, when Mrs. Guedalla beat Miss Wilson one up? I wonder?

Another golfer who has had an extremely near miss is One Putt, alias Mrs. Hugh Percy, many times Northumberland Champion, who was rash enough not long ago to look out of a window just in time to see the garden machine-gunned from a Nazi plane. Chancy things, are windows. All, however, is well with her, and with her fighting sons.

Miss Doris Chambers is still driving in Birmingham; Mrs. Philip Hodson has taken on a big job as secretary to the Liverpool Dispensaries, and seems to be responsible for most things connected therewith, ranging from a bottle of medicine to pages of statistics; there is no disputing how well-fitted she is for such work, and it is good hearing that she has been lucky so far in all Liverpool's bombings. She even alleges a capacity to sleep through anything.

Last of all comes news of Miss Jacqueline Gordon, runner-up in the Girls' Championship of 1936 and semi-finalist in the Middlesex one a year later. She has finished her training at Camberley in the F.A.N.Y., had a couple of weeks at H.Q. and is now attached to the 5th (London) M.T. Company, A.T.S., and very happy at Hertford. She is one of the golfers who temperamentally will surely be a much more redoubtable golfer after the war, and for that reason worth watching. There was nothing wrong with the golf before it.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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Chocolate and Confectionery, for instance, are short. Because the ingredients used must come from overseas there is rather less than half what there was pre-war. So it is a case for everyone doing with half of what he or she used to buy. And in the spirit of those men on the raft it would be nice if those who can get other little luxuries would forego "their share" altogether. That would mean there was that much more for the children, for instance.

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